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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Only a desire to pick a quarrel with the Emperor could have read into his words at Koenigsberg the designs more than hinted by the German Radical press. He was speaking to Prussians as King of Prussia, and his claim to rule Prussia by Divine Right is traditional and not even disputed. He afterwards explained to the West Prussians that he is the instrument of God in his work as ruler, as is every other German Christian in his work as subject. One may think his Koenigsberg phrase—a magnificent phrase it was—contained rather more than this. If it did, no one need have cried out. If the German malcontents were able to realise the value of a man, they would not be so ready to carp at his words.

There is something theocratic in the German Emperor's conception of a State, and this, of course, is a red-rag to the Socialist and the anti-religious Radical. But the backbone of Germany, the aristocracy with the farmers, know what the Emperor and his polity mean for the country. No doubt the Emperor as orator, who will always identify himself for the moment with those to whom he speaks, sometimes adds to the difficulties of his Ministers, which is a pity. But you cannot have extraordinary qualities without some of their faults.

The Portuguese election is not a world-stirring event; still it has one interest, at any rate. How has the republican propaganda fared? Well, out of one hundred and forty-one deputies returned fourteen are republicans. This is not a grand result for republicanism. Lisbon, as usual, is republican, and more so this time than last, when revulsion of feeling from the assassination of the King and Crown Prince had its

effect. However, these elections need not disturb young King Manoel. Let him have a fair chance and he will make the monarchy secure. As between Opposition and Government it does not matter; mere question of names.

Last week Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft were the dear friends, at least Mr. Taft embraced Mr. Roosevelt with fervour. Wise diplomacy it seemed. But now Mr. Roosevelt seems to be edging away from Mr. Taft. In his Western orations he ignores the President and consorts with persons most distasteful to him. It is quite likely Mr. Roosevelt calculates that this is the surest way to make Mr. Taft entirely his. Coldness, we all know, often stimulates the follower. And no doubt Mr. Roosevelt would avoid all encumbrance. He has no mind to carry Mr. Taft on his back, though he may be quite willing that under his protection Mr. Taft should walk in quietly behind. Meantime Mr. Roosevelt is thumping the Radical tub valiantly. Mr. Bryan could hardly do better.

Mr. Wells, in one of his romances, pictures Nicaragua as the last of the little Latin States to preserve its independence. It looks more like being the first to lose it, for General Estrada, who is now in charge of the country, must realise that he will have to do what America tells him or face another revolt. The last two Presidents tried to play an anti-Yankee game, assisted, intentionally or not, by the German Emperor. They have failed, and the surrounding States of Central America, which have previously profited by the distractions of their neighbours, have found it politic to keep quiet. Washington, in fact, has already become adviser-in-chief to the small republics to the South. Panama was made by Washington for the advantage of the States. Nicaragua has only escaped American occupation for a time. One of these days there will be serious trouble, and then Nicaragua will be swallowed whole.

There is delicious irony in Panama appealing to the United States on a constitutional point. Señor Mendoza

would like to be President of Panama again. But the Opposition say it is not lawful for him to be, and appeal to the United States, which by treaty has the right to intervene to keep the constitutional peace. The charm of the thing is that the United States made a revolution in Panama to get it away from Colombia, which was not compliant with American designs. Panama sets up on her own account, and the United States become her guardian. As the righteous champion of constitutionalism, the States are, we are told, most reluctant to intervene; though they would greatly grieve that Panama should quarrel about her President.

Korea has gone from the map; not even the name survives. The Japanese do their work thoroughly. For a while Korean independence served their turn and they made war to maintain it. Now the fiction of independence hampers them and they have accordingly abolished it. Korea is thus removed from the neutral markets of the world. The British ally has been able to see to it that the present tariff shall remain unchanged for ten years. With all her geographical advantages Japan can make the concession. But for the rest, international equality is at an end, as the European will realise when he finds his own consul replaced by a Japanese judge. Curious stories have come through from Manchuria; before very long Korea will supply another crop. And Europe, which fifteen years ago hurried to dictate terms to Japan, now finds it prudent to acquiesce.

Montenegro may call itself a kingdom or anything it likes, and King Nicholas now knows that even the Great Powers are not ungrateful to the man who kept the peace in 1908. Austria has been especially effusive in her congratulations; of all the letters from heads of States only that of the Emperor Francis Joseph has been published. However, Montenegro owes nothing except disappointments to Austria-Hungary. Had the Austrians got their way in 1878 Montenegro would never have reached the coast at all. As it was, Antivari was closed to warships until the annexation of Bosnia made concessions necessary elsewhere. The declaration of last Sunday is a point scored against Austria by Italy and Russia; but it has only been scored because the centre of Austrian interests has shifted eastward.

According to the Bombay correspondent of the "Times", eighty-five Asiatics have left Bombay for South Africa to take part in a struggle against the anti-Asiatic bar. Sixty of them are Indians who have been registered in South Africa, and some of them were born there, but they were deported from the Transvaal under the recent law. They will probably not be allowed to land. This is an Indian grievance with which we entirely sympathise. It is anomalous, to use no stronger word, that there should be any part of the Empire from which any British subject is excluded unless he has done something to forfeit what ought to be his elementary right. Indians may be deported from the Transvaal without ground assigned. But why should we expect the Dutch masters of the Transvaal to care about an Imperial difficulty in India?

Dr. Jameson seems to be fighting the electoral battle in South Africa single-handed against General Botha, General Hertzog, and Mr. Merriman. He sets the opinions of the Prime Minister against General Hertzog's and invites them to reconcile conflicting views. He asks Mr. Merriman why he refused to become Treasurer and give the Union a chance in its early days of being run on Cape rather than Transvaal lines? Judging from Mr. Merriman's speeches we should say that what he considers Cape lines are simply Transvaal lines emphasised. Dr. Jameson fears a revival of the intolerable state of things which obtained before the war, and General Botha's insinuation that the Unionists are anxious to hand over affairs

to the mining magnates shows that there is something in the anticipation. The Union is already a sharply divided house.

General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker was a Guards officer of the very best type, large-minded, courteous and a most excellent soldier. He will be chiefly remembered for his unostentatious but arduous and invaluable work as General of Communications during the war in South Africa. By a curious coincidence his death took place only the day before he had completed his five years' command as Governor of Gibraltar, and the news became known in London only a few hours after the papers had announced that his successor, Sir Archibald Hunter, would take up his duties as Governor next morning.

Sir Charles Euan-Smith will be remembered for the part he played in Morocco. His was a remarkably successful career, and his ambition was rewarded with the very important position at Fez. At that time British influence was high there, and Sir Charles believed that, had the British Government chosen to play a strong part, it could have been paramount in Morocco. We gave away our chance, and left it to a Power that prevents others from essaying the task of putting Morocco in order, which it is confessedly unequal to itself.

Lord Esher is really the enfant terrible of the caucus which rules the Army nowadays. He is a member of the Imperial Defence Committee, though no one knows exactly why, and he largely induced our new military millennium. Yet for a second time he has denounced Mr. Haldane's pet Territorial scheme. A little while ago he told us in the House of Lords that we had got to the end of our tether in respect of voluntary enlistment; and now he has written an article in the "National Review" to the same effect. We quite agree with what he says. But how about poor Mr. Haldane? Will he be pleased to hear that the choice before the nation may be "between leaving the forces of the country below the minimum admitted by everyone to be necessary, and imposing by law upon our children the duty to bear arms in its defence"? The idea strikes one, What is Lord Esher playing at? Is he trimming his sails in order to be well in with any future Administration which may deem it necessary to introduce some form of compulsion? He has hitherto been a veritable Vicar of Bray in his ability to keep in touch with Unionist and Radical Administrations alike; and perhaps, like that revered cleric, he contemplates playing that rôle to the end.

The splendid shooting of the Rifle Brigade at the recent Aldershot meeting, when they fairly swept the board, shows what esprit de corps can do. Nowadays when every soldier is armed with a rifled weapon it is sometimes urged that the expression "rifeman" has become a meaningless one. The Green Jackets have at any rate given a reply to this. It is most gratifying to think that owing to the war-experience of our officers, the Aldershot meeting was not limited to mere target-practice at bull's-eyes, but included competitions where a quick eye, good wind for running and rapidly taking cover, and sharp-shooting at difficult vanishing targets, made the tests as near to "service conditions" as ever can be. The great changes in the use of arms of precision are well shown by the fact that only one hundred years ago, when the 95th Rifles, as the Rifle Brigade were then styled, fought at Busaco, they were the only regiment in the British Army thus armed.

Mr. Birrell's attempt to amend the methods of the Wyndham Act was condemned with one voice by the Irish Landowners' Convention in Dublin. It is "a most deadly blow" to land purchase, said Lord Donoughmore. Even Mr. Birrell must see that land purchase, which tenants demand not less strenuously than landlords, has been arrested if not absolutely killed. What

could be worse for the future peace and contentment of the Irish farmers? As Lord Middleton pointed out, it is impossible without risk of serious trouble that one set of people who have purchased on favourable conditions should live side by side with others who have not secured their holdings. With all its defects, the Wyndham Act, as Mr. O'Brien admits, has been a boon, and the landlords' demand that the Act of 1909 should be repealed is public-spirited, not selfish.

Form 4 is to run in a couple with Form 7. This deals with deductions, and no one has yet pretended that it can be filled up without professional assistance. The deduction business is very cunning. The Government invites the landowner to make deductions. What could be more just? Only the heavier the deductions now, the greater will be the increment duty chargeable hereafter. Then, again, how thoughtful to make optional the troublesome business of giving information about possible minerals! But if nothing is said now, the Government will again rake in more later on. Can Mr. Lloyd George suppose that the suspected existence of minerals did not affect the price of land? However, there is no need to go into the matter, as the Courts may quite possibly declare the interrogatory illegal. So, too, with the command to apportion over the various holdings tithe and land tax paid in a lump sum for the whole estate. After all, the Finance Act—we wonder if Mr. Lloyd George has ever read it—distinctly says that the valuation is not to be made by the owner of the property.

But perhaps the most interesting development of the valuation farce is the speech delivered by a Mr. Crawshaw Williams, who is one of Mr. Lloyd George's private secretaries. Mr. Williams boldly threw over his chief and said that the valuation forms were not "absolutely simple". Sturdy independence of thought and unrestrained vigour of expression always appeal to the Radical mind. We can, however, assure Mr. Williams, who is a young man and clearly has a great deal to learn, that even a Radical may turn when he is publicly and flatly contradicted by one of his subordinates. It may be magnificent, but it is not politics. Still Mr. Williams may keep his job after all. If he has been reading the papers lately Mr. Lloyd George himself may be beginning to doubt the simplicity of filling in forms giving such inaccurate particulars that the land referred to cannot be identified. Perhaps, too, he is realising that gas about dukes, despite its simplicity, is not enough to justify the taxation of two million people.

The aftermath of the Free Trade Congress at Antwerp is the most instructive thing about it. The delegates discussed many aspects of Free Trade from the purely theoretical point of view. To substitute international Free Trade for national Protection is a fine theme for the cosmopolitan economists. It never seems to have occurred to them, or if it did they deliberately avoided the issue, to consider what they would substitute for tariffs for purposes of revenue. Certain Free Traders have now discovered that the idea is to make the loss good by the single land tax. That is not at all to the liking of the average British Free Trader. Lloyd-Georgism he may put up with, but Henry-Georgism is too much for him.

An international strike of seamen sounds an extremely serious matter. The British delegates at the Copenhagen Convention of the International Transport Workers' Federation have persuaded their colleagues to take up the case they have against the British ship-owners. The Committee of the Convention reported that the grievances of the British seamen were common to the seamen of every nation. All the national unions applied to the International Shipping Federation for recognition of the union leaders and the constitution of a Conciliation Board, but this has been refused by the Federation. The Convention adopted the resolu-

tion of the Committee for an international strike without discussion, but the date fixed for it remains unknown to all except the men's leaders.

The latest move of the General Confederation of Labour in France is a boycott to compel butchers and bakers to bring down their prices. This has been a wretched summer, and all sorts of food have accordingly become dearer. But the C.G.T. knows better. Nature could not possibly conspire against the working man, and the blame must clearly rest with speculators on the bourse. The leaders of the campaign are in the happy position of being able to report a success before they have begun to do anything. Bread prices are again falling in harmony with the easier state of the corn market during the last few days. It is in this way that dupes are made. The whole idea is so absurd that it is hard to believe that even excited ouvriers will give it credence. Moreover, attempts to fix the price of food were made during the Revolution and ended disastrously. As for the removal of the import duties, the population of France is so distributed that one townsman's gain would be two farmers' loss.

Every impressionable person, after reading the speech of Sir James Crichton-Browne in the hall of the Fishmongers' Company on Tuesday, must feel it to be his or her immediate duty to indulge in bloaters, which of all animal food contain the greatest amount of nutrition per pennyworth. Seeing that Sir James, who was addressing the Sanitary Inspectors' Association, congratulated the Fishmongers on having seized during the past year, at Billingsgate alone, nine hundred and forty-six tons of unsound fish, we may presume that a much larger quantity was dutifully consumed by the public; but this does not satisfy Sir James Crichton-Browne; fish should be eaten in still greater numbers. The bone- and brain-forming properties of cod-liver oil are familiar to our nurseries, and it is hard on three hundred years since the poet sang "Fish-dinners will make a lass spring like a flea"; but it will doubtless be news to many people that the nitrogen, which a fish-diet supplies is a useful preventive of tuberculosis. The greater the consumption of fish, the less consumption of men.

An interesting point about the British Association meeting this year—at Sheffield—is that the President is an Anglican clergyman. There is no quarrel here between religion and science. Canon Bonney's address, it must be admitted, is mainly for the scientist. But the controversy as to the effects that ice action had in the glacial epochs is one about which the general public is not very anxious. The man of ordinary education generally contents himself with knowing that geologists account for many features of the landscape in our own islands or the contours of the Alps by some action of ancient glaciers. Whether the one school of geologists is right which ascribes the greater part of the cause to ice action, or the other which combines the various actions of running water and other atmospheric influences, these are amongst the arcana which he feels are not for him to penetrate.

In the meantime those who are really unsettled in their minds on the question will have to wait. Canon Bonney dealt at large with the rival hypotheses, but he declined to make himself the arbiter between them. We gather, however, that he inclines against the theory that the sculpture of the Alps has been effected mainly by the erosive action of glaciers. Yet, he remarks, this theory has been upheld by a rapidly increasing number of geologists of late. As to our own islands, the two rival theories are the one that the glacial deposits have been left by a great flow of land-ice covering the land generally; the other that the glacial deposits were formed on mountains which were subsequently submerged and the sands are deposited by the ocean tides. Dr. Bonney will not decide. With the general observation, with which it is some relief to agree, that we



ought not to accept hypotheses as axioms, Dr. Bonney leaves the subject in its original obscurity.

The public will be caught more by the experiments described by Professor Priestley before the Royal Horticultural Society. At Bitton and Evesham they are growing fruit and vegetables by electricity, and Professor Priestley says it is bringing them on quicker and more abundantly than the best of artificial manures. Strawberries, cabbages, and cucumbers, we are told, are alike amenable to the treatment, and crops of Canadian wheat were increased by thirty-nine per cent., and English wheat by forty-nine per cent. A wire at a height of from ten to sixteen feet is suspended over a field, and a continuous current of electricity is passed through the plants. It is mentioned that a hedge over which the wire passes flourishes more than neighbouring hedges; this agrees with what has been noticed in the foliage of trees near the arc lights in the streets of towns.

If Demosthenes were right in saying that the three most important "parts" of an orator were firstly action, secondly action, and thirdly action, half of Mr. Edison's latest invention would seem to be useless. He has exhibited a device which makes moving pictures appear to talk: "device" is the sober word supplied by the New York correspondent of the "Times", though we suspect the inventor will call it a kinetoscophone, or some equally classical name. New York, no doubt, will hail it as a "cinch". But the appalling futility of such a machine will be evident to anyone who considers that, after all, it has only the power to jog two out of the five senses of mankind. Mr. Edison has taken years to perfect his invention; let him spend a few more years in adding another device which shall tickle one of the other three senses, and then, it may be, he will be able to hand down to posterity a complete "kinetodorphonographic" film of a scene in Congress—speech, action, and atmosphere all faithfully reproduced.

Mr. Podmore's death has been followed by two like mysterious accidents. In both of these the apparent cause of death was exposure. After being missed for some time, Lady Marjorie Erskine, the second daughter of the Earl of Buchan, was discovered dead in deep heather near a golf-links at Aviemore. It seems possible that Lady Marjorie was in some way incapacitated, and was unable to obtain assistance; a letter in a contemporary suggests that she may perhaps have been bitten by a species of snake which is found in such places, and the shock may have proved too great. The warning here is to avoid solitary rambles in unknown country; but this does not help to explain the second case. The bodies of Mr. E. L. Hardy, long a clerk to the Duchy of Lancaster, and of his son, a young man of thirty, were found on the slopes of Moel Siabod, near Snowdon. The two men cannot have been lost for more than twenty-four hours, and a flask of brandy was discovered on one of them. The night was certainly one of severe weather; but the cold could hardly have killed.

Some of the papers, although they have not as yet descended to the level of the Sunday journals in giving pictorial "sketches in court", deserve public reproach for the incontinence of their verbal descriptions of the demeanour of Crippen and Miss Le Neve at Bow Street. When even the "Times" puts it on record that the only gleam of amusement which relieved the distress of Miss Le Neve's appearance occurred when she heard the description of her arrest in boy's clothes, one shudders to think of more "graphic" reports. He who spends but a halfpenny for his evening news is no doubt prepared—nay, hungry—for the worst; but it is sad that readers of the "Daily Telegraph" should itch for inquisitorial details such as the new growth on Crippen's upper lip or the colour and material of his fellow-prisoner's veil. Nobody owns that he likes reading such intimacies, but everyone does, it seems.

#### SCIENCE IN THE CHAIR.

ONCE a year a man of science is given an opportunity of addressing the British public; whatever sermon he has to preach the great newspapers will report it faithfully to the people, and the critics will applaud or dissent according to their dispositions. The President of the British Association is entitled by long custom to a full report and a leading article in every self-respecting newspaper. The parallel may be pushed further, for as the congregation returns on Monday to its money-making and its pleasures, so the British public at large has little further use for science during the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year.

All the same, it is a great opportunity for both science and the public, so mighty are the two actors in the drama, so momentous their relationships, that all possible pomp and circumstance are justified even if they only take the form of a crowded hall in a provincial city and many columns of large type. Science has indeed the prophet's part to play in the modern State; sometimes she may unfold visions of the world that is possible as man obtains more and more control over the forces of nature, forces among which he must number himself and the races that are to be. Sometimes she has to curse—to show, as it were, by a lightning flash the abysses by which the pathway of life is guarded, the sure penalties which await failure and error. More often, perhaps, the function of science is critical—to impress upon men's minds her quiet, unemotional process of forming a judgment by comparisons, by weighing the results of experiment, by estimation of the probable error of any conclusion, until they insensibly begin to employ her impersonal method to matters of more moment in which emotions are involved.

But if science is to touch the public it must deal with life, with men and not with things. For scientific men are too apt to forget that the world at large is not, as they are, primarily and vividly interested in things, but only in men and women and the variety of their public and private experiences. The would-be reformers of education on scientific lines make this prime mistake. Because to them the structure of a leaf, the nature of the gases in the atmosphere, or the fluctuations of the electric current in a moving coil of wire were matters that fired the imagination and promised a life-long source of enjoyment, they imagine that the mass of mankind must be similarly constituted, and that they can add interest—the missing factor in education—to study if they only make it scientific. But in the main men are only concerned with their fellows, and education must be based upon language and literature, because they are the means by which we communicate with others; and upon history, because by that means we learn of ourselves through the experiences of our forerunners.

Had not too many supporters of a literary education been hidebound in a stupid method, so unaware of the strength of their own case that they have feared to remove old abuses and mistakes lest they should lay bare some fundamental rottenness in the structure, the idea of basing education on the sciences would have been dismissed with contempt long ago. That the fight is still going on, and more or less to the advantage of science, is due to the fact that its professors are, on the whole, men alive and walking about the street, whereas we sleep sweetly in that very comfortable club formed by the Public Schools, the Universities and the English social system. The man of science, then, who wants the attention of the people, our ideal President of the British Association with his annual message to the nation to deliver, must speak to them of life, must show them how his subject contributes to thought and may be brought to bear upon conduct. The contact may be indirect, it is not necessary to preach, but somehow or other he must leave his special world of things and enter the universal world of mind. For example, when Mr. Francis Darwin in his address a year or two ago discussed the possibilities of the lower forms of life—even plants without a nervous system—



acquiring a sort of memory which resulted in the performance of actions without any immediate stimulus—he was really opening up a variant of the eternal question of free-will or predestination, and everyone's attention was arrested to see what light so remote and unexpected a window would throw on this deep tract of human consciousness. Of course we cannot expect every man of science to take such a point of view and determine, as he prepares his presidential address, that his audience shall be the British public and not his half-dozen compeers and fellow-workers. After all, the power to do so is not given to many men; science is apt to be a hard taskmistress, brooking no rivals, and a man as years come upon him finds that he must concentrate his every faculty upon a very narrow range of thought. Except for a few outstanding men, age becomes the one indispensable qualification for the Presidency of the British Association, as indeed for most honorific positions in an old and stable civilisation, and age is only consistent with flexibility of mind when this quality has been desired and tenaciously pursued. Now, however much flexibility of mind is promoted by the general diffusion of science and the scientific method, it is not the quality which makes the scientific investigator. Before everything else he must have tenacity of purpose; he picks up a hint or gains a flash of insight into one of the processes of nature, and then his life's work is slowly and painfully to disentangle it, removing the rubbish and clearing away the overgrowth till at last his idea stands fair for all the world to understand. To many men the glimpses of the truth are vouchsafed, but when they begin work they are baffled by unexpected cross-currents, by the play of factors they had not anticipated, until they lose courage or are led astray down a side-track; nearly every big piece of scientific work has been done by some man who has bored along persistent and unabashed by his first failures and the criticisms of others who have failed at the same stage.

So performance in science is apt to be accompanied by narrowness; the man makes of himself a tool for a very special purpose, and may rightly demand to continue to be used as such and not as a prophet at large when he is called upon to address the British Association as its President. We cannot, therefore, blame Canon Bonney when on Wednesday night he chose to direct his discourse, not to his hearers at large and the English-speaking race behind them, but to perhaps a score of geologists in the room and a few hundreds outside; we can only regret in the interests of the State that science has again given away this opportunity of speaking from the chair to a people which seriously desires its guidance. Canon Bonney's subject, the question of whether our steep mountain valleys and lake basins have been scooped out by glaciers or owe their abrupt outlines to the more subtle agencies of frost and rain, is one that interests both students of scenery and mountaineers as well as professed geologists; though his further question of the exact part, if any, that the submergence beneath the sea of most of the British Islands in the last ice age played in the formation of the drifts which cover so much of the surface of the land, can only claim a more limited and technical appreciation. The argument we will not attempt to reproduce, we will confess frankly that we can only understand it imperfectly; indeed, it was only in the closing paragraphs of the Reverend and learned President's address that we found the criticism of life which we had been hoping for. "This may seem a lame and impotent conclusion to so long a disquisition, but there are stages in the development of a scientific idea when the best service we can do it is by attempting to separate facts from fancies, by demanding that difficulties should be frankly faced instead of being severely ignored, by insisting that the giving of a name cannot convert the imaginary into the real, by remembering that if hypotheses yet on their trial are treated as axioms, the result will often bring disaster, like building a tower on a foundation of sand."

This rings true; here we have the real lesson of science, the rigour of the game—to be content to come to no conclusion, to confess to complete uncertainty,

to act—if act you must—experimentally and tentatively and not with passion. Suppose we apply the method to a few burning questions of the day—to the Woman's Vote, the reconstruction of the House of Lords, or to Tariff Reform! *Que messieurs les assassins commencent.*

#### THE LAND-TAX STORM.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S shower of valuation demands has had a cumulative effect such as no politician could have foreseen. In all parts of the country there has been an uprising which, though possibly in the first instance stimulated by the manner in which the demands are made, is really directed against their substance. It has been helped enormously by the action of the 134 Radical members who, inspired by the apparently successful passing of the Budget, thought the time fitting to emphasise the aim and end of their policy, and to hail valuation as an immediate prelude to the removing of a mass of existing burden from those who now bear it and placing it solely and heavily upon the shoulders of those who are interested in the ownership and the agricultural use of land. The advocates of this policy have been misled by an obvious fallacy—one perhaps not peculiar to themselves—of treating taxation as though it could be paid by some inanimate object, whereas one of the fundamental principles of taxation is that it shall be borne by the people. The error is facilitated by our ordinary conversational use of language. We talk of taxing land, or sugar, or tea, whereas what we mean is that we tax certain persons through the medium of the tea, or the sugar, or the land. This is obvious when so stated, but its obviousness has not prevented large numbers of people from being deluded by a phrase. The land-taxers had an idea that their tax would be paid by the land itself. They are discovering that those who are interested in land, in various degrees and ways, see very clearly that they will have to carry not merely the burden imposed by Mr. Lloyd George, but also the enormous addition which these parliamentary supporters of the Government proclaim.

Form 4 may become celebrated in history because it has indicated to all owners of land and houses, large or small, that they are marked down as the especial victims of this kind of taxation. They might or might not be able eventually to spread a portion of their burden over other classes, just as when you impose indirect taxation it is practically certain that the person who pays it will immediately try to recover, and probably will recover, a share from the general public. One may add that in just this manner the Shoreditch case proves that possibly one-half of the new licence duties may be removed from those for whose hurt Mr. Lloyd George especially intended them to the general ratepayers, whose assessment will necessarily be increased on account of the depreciation in the annual value of licensed property. You cannot impose new and heavy taxes through the medium of landed property without depreciating the market value of that property, and this will affect the yield of the death duties, if of nothing else. Meanwhile owners are likely to endeavour to get their own back from other people. In the first instance, however, the tax may fall very seriously upon owners; the extension proposed by Mr. Lloyd George's friends—and with apparent sanction in some of his own speeches—would injure owners, large or small, and we are not surprised to find one of those small cultivating owners called "statesmen" in Westmorland and Cumberland writing in a private letter, "Damn Lloyd George and all his tribe". It may be true that for the moment this small cultivating owner—who from a holding of some fifty acres with much thought and labour obtains an income considerably less than very many clerks in London would regard as underpay, an income probably not a tenth of that enjoyed by most of the Radical members who would transfer taxation from themselves to these small owners—will not be an immediate sufferer by the last Budget, but he is threatened with loss, and knows that a demand for particulars such as the Inland Revenue

now require could not be warranted unless it were to be followed by taxation. Well might the "Westminster Gazette" protest that Mr. Lloyd George was making a mistake when he laid the mesh of his net so fine as to haul out of the sea a mass of little fishes, which at the best he proposes to chuck back again as not worthy his attention. The "Westminster" foresaw the irritation and suspicion which must naturally and certainly be aroused among the little fishes so disturbed; it did not take account of the fact that it was administratively impossible to catch the big fishes and not put the little ones into disorder. Besides, in the case of owners of house property who have purchased through building societies and co-operative societies—a thrift movement which all wise men of the last generation, whether Conservative or Radical, did their utmost to encourage—they are exempt from increment duty only under certain strict conditions. The property must be under a stated value and the owner must live in it himself. No matter how small his house may be, if by the exigencies of his employment he is obliged to remove into another district and to let his house it will become liable to the increment duty whenever he chooses to sell or death places it in the hands of his widow or his family. It is no use to tell him that this tax will be borne not by him or those for whom he has tried to make provision, but by the land itself; he is not to be fooled in that way. He knows that his wealthy neighbour bought shares in a railway or in some Argentina development company, and that in the course of time these shares so increased in value that they made the owner a very wealthy man. The owner had done nothing but pay for the shares, just as he himself had paid for his house; yet the wealthy man is not to be taxed for his unearned increment. On the contrary, Mr. Lloyd George's land-taxing friends would relieve him of some of the taxes he now pays and put them on to our thrifty working-man.

Form 4 has made every property-owner realise the character of this new taxation policy. It departs from one of two main principles on which taxation ought to rest—first, the burden should be proportionate to the power of endurance; the second, that as responsibility for the national policy, involving perhaps almost incalculable expenditure, rests upon all voters, they should be made to realise in some degree the pecuniary consequences of a policy which may possibly seem attractive to them. They see in Form 4 a most inquisitorial prying into their savings, and the fact that it has been issued in very many cases through persons to whose eyes they would not wish to expose these savings causes irritation and even resentment. They find the form by no means simple. Some of them may have purchased a block of property consisting of holdings of different sizes. They have paid for it in the lump. They have spent upon it in the lump, and Mr. Lloyd George requires them to state what they paid for every holding, and the amount of capital expended in improving it. Of course they cannot do anything of the kind. They are not valuers. They know how much they paid for the lot, and the income they derive; but in a fluctuating market they cannot form any idea of what they would receive even for the whole if they had to realise. As to separating the values, it is absurd to ask this of them; yet if they find themselves in a difficulty Mr. Lloyd George tells them to apply to the valuation officer, who has no more knowledge than they have, and of whom in many cases they would not dream of making a confidant. The larger owners—Liberal as well as Conservative—see in the new taxation an evident menace of spoliation. They are outraged by the threat of being haled before the magistrates if they do not within thirty days—the legality of this demand is open to serious question and will probably be questioned by the Land Union—fill in a mass of clerical work often involving the examination of documents to which they are not accustomed, and which, indeed, they find impossible. Is it strange that Mr. Lloyd George should find the country showing its teeth at him?

#### THE KOENIGSBERG SPEECH.

GERMANY is beginning to get over her agitation. Words first described as an insolent assertion of uncontrolled power are now admitted to be the Emperor's familiar mode of emphasising his unique responsibility. But not even the fairest interpretation can make things just as they were before. At a moment of acute tension in German politics the Emperor has forced into prominence two issues hitherto dormant, but both significant. He has laid down a rule of life for his people. Is that rule sound, and is the Emperor the right person to proclaim it?

The rule itself is simple, rigid, and practical. Constitutional questions apart, it probably satisfies the majority of the German people. The Emperor has bidden them keep their thought on severely practical lines, and has insisted that it must find material expression in the State's service. It is objected that this doctrine is crudely narrow. Is the German of to-day to cut himself off from the tradition of his forefathers who ranged in dreamy, haphazard fashion over all the realms of learning, taking no thought for the morrow and pursuing knowledge for its own sake? The Emperor's retort is that when the German intellect roamed free, it left German territory to be the battlefield of Europe. The lesson which the Emperor draws from the history of his country is that intellectual progress and material power must go together, each strengthening the other. At the time of the Reformation Germany thought but did not arm, and her life was almost extinguished in the agony of the Thirty Years War. Towards the close of the eighteenth century Germany armed but did not think, and her awakening came with the catastrophe of Jena. Thereafter was elaborated the notion which is the foundation of modern Prussia, and through Prussia of the Empire, that every German is to devote his best energies to the service of his country. It is strictly true that Germany owes her present political and industrial greatness to the fact that her people served her wholeheartedly: her women in their homes, her men at their trades and with their rifles. As greatness was won so must it be retained. That is the gist of the Emperor's doctrine, and it is no answer to label it mediæval. No doubt it derives from Charlemagne, but what of that? It also derives from Napoleon, and in any case neither Charlemagne nor Napoleon nor William II. can be dismissed with a sneer of anachronism.

The Emperor has preached his gospel many times in the past twenty years. His words have been endorsed by the mass of his subjects and attacked by casual critics, for even in well-disciplined Germany there are some the law of whose being it is to oppose whatever is generally accepted. To-day the chorus of protest is more vehement than ever before, but the cause is not to be traced to any change in the average German outlook upon life. The matter is political, and the last few years have witnessed far-reaching developments in German politics. Everything is still very rudimentary, but the present generation is at any rate trying to discover the power its vote confers. The average elector is no longer content to give a free hand to the Government or to vote for the Social Democrat who promises to oppose everything on principle. He is eager to exercise the precise rights conferred upon him by the Constitution, and the present trouble is that the Constitution does not make those rights clear.

Sovereignty is divided between the Emperor, the States, and the Reichstag. Without the consent of the States nothing is legal, except a defensive declaration of war; but they have no positive functions. These fall either to the Emperor or to the Reichstag. The Emperor is responsible for foreign affairs, commands the navy, and assumes command of the army in war. In these departments the Reichstag can do nothing but grant or refuse supplies. The Reichstag, on the other hand, controls domestic legislation, but the Minister through whom it must necessarily express itself is responsible not to it but to the Emperor. The Imperial



Chancellor is thus the pivot on which the Constitution turns. In foreign affairs he expounds the Emperor's policy to the Reichstag; in domestic affairs he interprets the Reichstag's wishes to his Sovereign. Make the Chancellor an autocrat, and autocrat Bismarck was, and there will be no disputes. The Minister will unite in himself the dual powers of Emperor and Reichstag. But let the Chancellor become a mere instrument of policy and there will be a struggle for control over him. Each party will try to make its authority more complete. In the sphere of foreign politics the Reichstag will assert itself by means of its financial powers. In domestic matters the Emperor will avail himself of his Minister's responsibility to him. It is a struggle of this kind, inevitable from the very nature of the Constitution, which is now in progress.

The first round was fought in November 1908. The Emperor had made a statement on the matter of Anglo-German relations in language which bore the unmistakable impress of his own personality. The Constitutionalist protested. They had, they said, a right to give their opinions on such matters, but feelings of loyalty made them reluctant to criticise their Emperor's own words. Moreover the Emperor was beyond their reach. They could not cross-examine him, and their right of control was thus seriously diminished. It was accordingly demanded that formal statements of policy should proceed through Ministers. The demand came mainly from the industrialists and the financiers, whose interests would be most affected by war. But it received the open and unanimous backing of the States, fearful as usual of Prussian hegemony, and it was to the States rather than to the people that the Emperor gave way.

The Koenigsberg speech is in no sense an infringement of the pledge given less than two years ago. The speech was not a pronouncement of policy. It was an exhortation such as in England might be given to schoolboys. The Germans remain schoolboys to the end of their days. An official in uniform is always ready to instruct them in all the details of life, how to get off trains and how to wrap up parcels and how to air their beds. It is as the head of this great and all-controlling bureaucracy that the Emperor spoke. Did he or did he not exceed his rights?

There is no need to investigate the exact scope of the Emperor's powers as head of the Executive. Those powers may be as ample as the most thorough-going Conservative may declare; but what is the position of the Executive? Is it the dominant authority in the State? for only on that hypothesis has its head the constitutional right to use the language that he did. And at once we are confronted with the fundamental ambiguity of the German Constitution; the Sovereign Legislature has no control over the departments which administer its acts. Sooner or later either Legislature or Executive must recognise the ultimate authority of the other; but at present each is supreme in its own field. In telling his people what they are to do and how they are to live the Emperor has asserted the paramountcy of the Administration in bold and unmistakable language. No constitutional lawyer can as yet maintain that he is either right or wrong. The issue is for the future to decide.

The matter is ultimately a working-class affair, for it is only when faced with the possibility of a sort of general passive resistance movement that the bureaucrats would definitely accept a subordinate position. But the German working classes are certainly not prepared to establish parliamentary sovereignty. They do not understand what it means, and by adopting an irreconcilable attitude their representatives have cut themselves off from all share in legislation. There remains the influence of the States. The Federated Governments are perpetually on their guard against the Prussianising of the Empire, and it was with a view to calming their fears that the Emperor spoke at Koenigsberg only as King of Prussia. Yet it is difficult to think of William II. as anything but German Emperor. His prerogatives as King of Prussia, including as they

do the headship of an undoubtedly sovereign bureaucracy, may well colour his conception of his imperial office. That, however, may not console the sticklers for State sovereignty. If the State Administrations, nominally controlled by the local Governments, come to regard an external personage as their real head, State sovereignty will cease to exist and the German Emperor will become Emperor of Germany. So much the better for Germany, an intelligent foreigner will say; but that is not how the States see things.

#### OXFORD EVOLVING.

THE Hebdomadal Council, that busy body with the fearsome name, the Cabinet of Oxford University, has politely answered Lord Curzon's equally polite invitation to them to reform themselves and all Oxford along with them. On the whole Council agrees with the Chancellor, which is not surprising, seeing that the Chancellor surveyed their deliberations in person. Lord Curzon would get his way with tougher bodies than this. Not that we complain. We do not believe in academicians as statesmen, and the reconstruction, or we should say perhaps education, of Oxford is a work of real statesmanship. We ought not to say "reconstruction", for Lord Curzon is insistent that there is nothing revolutionary in his proposals. He is merely assisting Oxford to evolve according to the selection of modern facts. These facts only a man of the world can know, and Lord Curzon is a man of the world literally and in the best sense of the phrase. It may not be wise or happy for the all-round man of action, no matter how distinguished or how able, to interfere much in the daily working of a technical business—he will probably make more friction than speed—but he is certainly the man to reform it. The inside expert will either in resentment want to tear it to pieces or in contentment refuse to budge. It wants the outside view, the "broad" view shall we say, to use Lord Curzon's favourite adjective. So on the whole we think the Hebdomadal Council were wise to take their line from the Chancellor; though they have endorsed some things we ourselves strongly object to, which will probably come in for more criticism and more effective when they come before Convocation, which represents other than academics.

The more one examines them the better one sees that the proposals put forward make a clear-cut scheme of reform, a scheme which has unity and can grow. To draft such a scheme on anything but a clean slate was not easy. Oxford is in fact, whatever it may have been in origin and whatever it ought to be in principle, a collection of colleges, every one virtually sovereign. The University, distinct from the colleges, has no existence; it is a Nominalist conception conceivable apart from the colleges and to be collected from them, but existent only in them. Our philosophy may perhaps be rusty and at fault, but in common language the University is at any rate only an aggregate of college life and college energy. All the colleges are doing much that is similar, all have certain similar aims and even ideals; their activities unavoidably bring them in contact one with another, and in spite of rivalry they have and recognise that they have much common interest. Hence they need a sort of clearing house; machinery for dealing with all that it is to the colleges' advantage to treat in common. This machinery is the University. The question is always being asked whether the machine should run the colleges or the colleges the machine. Hitherto the colleges have run the machine; but there have always been some who would like the machine to run them. Lord Curzon has never wished to subjugate the colleges, for "the simple reason that he is able to see that it would destroy the distinctive and essential character of the Oxford system", or, in other words, it would make an end of Oxford; a thing which unlike Commissioners or certain learned folk any undergraduate or Oxford man of the world sees intuitively. But without subjugating the colleges it is possible to regulate and put



on a new footing that which they do in common. There is very little doubt that they have wasted energy and opportunity through not doing more in common; and it is the cardinal point of the new scheme of reform to raise the common element to a higher level. The first thing, therefore, to be done is to make more effective the bodies that carry out the common business of the colleges—which is otherwise, but misleadingly, called the government of the University. The Hebdomadal Council, which is roughly the Executive Committee, is the most important. This Council proposes, very rightly, to reform itself by making its membership open to any man, being a member of University, who is specially fitted for the work. The old "three orders" were ridiculous. Congregation, a legislative body larger in numbers but still purely academic, is to be, and certainly would be, improved by purging it of the absurd qualification of mere residence within a certain radius of Oxford. Congregation represents the whole body of members of the University actively engaged in teaching or other academic work. Then there is Convocation, which stands for the great body of Oxford men out in the world. Lord Curzon and the Council do not propose to restrict the franchise for this body, which would mean making it more academic and so stultify its reason of being. But rightly, as we think, they do propose that this possibly more able but admittedly inexpert body should not reverse the decision on technical questions of the technical body, Congregation, unless there is an overwhelming feeling amongst Oxford men against it. Convocation will not be able to over-ride a decision passed by a two-thirds majority of the members of Congregation voting, except by a similar majority of its own members. On the other hand it will always be open to an Opposition in Congregation of not less than one hundred to appeal to Convocation by demanding a special poll. The Council also agrees to Lord Curzon's proposals for the financial administration of the University and providing for continuity in financial policy. We cannot imagine any one opposing this reform. The University has at present in effect no financial organisation and consequently has never had any financial policy.

Here, we hold, the Hebdomadal Council should have held its hand and its tongue. It was correct for Lord Curzon in his original letter on "University Methods" to survey the whole position, to consider changes the directing bodies might make when reformed, as well as reforms of those bodies themselves. His letter was merely an opinion. But the Council's resolutions are propositions intended to be put into effect by Congregation and Convocation. Therefore, when they have made their proposals for reforming these bodies, they should wait until these proposals are effected, and then let the reformed bodies deal with the other questions. To lay down that certain bodies cannot do their work well till they have been changed, and then ask them to do very drastic things unreformed, is inadmissible. On the one hand the Council has no right to put the decision as to abolishing compulsory Greek, for instance, in the power of bodies they have already judged and found wanting; on the other hand, they have no right to withdraw such questions from the reformed bodies about to come into being. Yet we are told that the proposal to abolish compulsory Greek is the first to be put to Congregation to be passed as a statute.

On this question, as on the "business course", we have no sympathy whatever with the proposals made; and we are not sure that all the concern for the "poor man" at Oxford is not entirely misplaced. Ask the authorities of the Scotch Universities what they think of Mr. Carnegie's eleemosynary provision for their students. Are they thankful for it? Very few poor men who can really benefit by going to Oxford will be kept from Oxford by poverty. It is useless to help those to come there whom Oxford will not benefit. Not all Universities need to be on the same model. We have, happily, many new Universities now. No one proposes to make Birmingham, Bristol, Yorkshire, or the Welsh Universities replicas of Oxford. Is it certain the country would gain by Oxford being made a replica of Birmingham?

## THE CITY.

**P**ROPHETS of evil—and they are never very hard to find in the City—have once more been wrong. The Stock Exchange settlement brought no difficulties, money has been more plentiful, and the Bank rate was not raised on Thursday; and though there is not yet much business doing, the prospect is distinctly more cheering. No one expects a real revival till September is out, when the City generally will be through with the holidays. With so little doing it follows that the smallest orders to buy or sell send securities up or down a fraction. The only market in which there is depression worth speaking of is the American. The bears have been active, transactions are few and small, and in view of the holiday to-day and Monday in New York there has been a general disposition to neglect American stocks. Hence a fall in several cases of two points or more. Canadian Pacific struggled bravely to withstand the American influence, and after sharp fluctuations closed midway between the highest and the lowest points touched during the past day or two. They should be materially assisted by the excellent crop report published by the High Commissioner. The North-West wheat yield will be roughly 100,000,000 bushels, a harvest much in advance of anticipation. South Americans were not affected by Wall Street, and both Mexican and Argentine railways have been well supported.

Rumours have been about during the week that the Rhodesian Trust had proved impracticable. It is now known that Mr. Abe Bailey is behind it, and that it will be carried through just as soon as all arrangements are complete. The prompt denial of the report that there was a serious hitch in the negotiations put some life into the Rhodesian market, and there have been advances in Rhodesian Exploration, Globes and others, including even Bankets, notwithstanding the suspension of operations at the Rowdy Boys Mine. In the Rhodesian amalgamation are five companies headed by the Rhodesian Exploration and Development. The capital of the Rhodesian Exploration, now £450,000, will be increased to £2,000,000, the assets of the companies included in the trust will be purchased by 1,550,000 shares, and 250,000 shares will be issued at £2 5s. each. If the scheme goes through, the trust will have £1,700,000 in cash, holdings in various mines valued at £1,400,000, and other assets in the shape of claims and land. It is intended to organise the trust on Rand lines. Details of its programme will no doubt appear more fully in the course of the meetings which will take place in the next fortnight. That the amalgamation is regarded with favour is shown by the buying orders for Rhodesians which have come from the Cape and abroad. Kaffirs have naturally not commanded quite so much attention as Rhodesians, but there has been considerable inquiry, and on the whole the movements have been in favour of holders. Politics in the Transvaal, as in the United States, make investors cautious and encourage only the speculator.

Other features in the mining market have been the further fall in Waihis. Last week there was one explanation: this week there is another. The Stock Exchange is always ready with its explanations, which may usually be regarded as the wrong ones. Nothing has happened at the mine to warrant the serious drop to just short of 7, and it is believed that the true explanation is forced realisations by holders with heavy commitments in other directions. Copper shares are better on better prices for the raw material. In tin a small boom is on. The price of tin has risen to £163 per ton, and from Malay to Nigeria, and from Nigeria to Cornwall, every tin mine is feeling the benefit. Tin has become more valuable in part as a consequence of the attention devoted by Malay to rubber. As for rubber, the slight but steady fall in Mincing Lane prices has been reflected in Stock Exchange values. All the leading producers now stand at a figure which should yield fine dividends even though the decline in Mincing Lane continues. The rubber-share market has not yet recovered from the depression caused

by the Malacca report, and the Malacca meeting to be held on Tuesday is awaited with keen interest in the assurance that much will depend on the information forthcoming.

The public has been long in waking up to the possibilities in the Home railway market. Some attribute the neglect to mistrust of the Government, others to fears of labour troubles. So far as labour is concerned, misgivings should be quieted by the settlements announced by the Board of Trade regarding both wages and hours. Home rails should go much better. There have been few buyers, but apparently there are also very few anxious to sell. The high yields at present prices of first-rate securities should tempt the investor, and Great Western, Great Northern and others have appreciated during the week to an extent which shows that there have been considerable purchases. South-Eastern and Chatham stocks are in demand on the strength, it is understood, of a growing belief in the development of the Kent coalfields. Deferred hopes and deferred shares move in sympathy.

Opposition to the absorption of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank by Parr's has ended in the abandonment of the scheme. Local interests want their purely local bank. If there was to be amalgamation they might congratulate themselves on being incorporated with Parr's, but the objection of some of the chief customers of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank to control being shifted to London is perfectly intelligible.

#### INSURANCE—THE GENERAL ACCIDENT.

SOME insurance companies present unusual difficulties to a critic. They take an independent line of their own, deviating from accustomed methods, which it is not easy to deal with from year to year, but which can be judged over a longer period. The General Accident was established in 1891, since which time it has commenced both life and fire assurance business. The life business is of quite recent origin and of small dimensions. In the fire department the premium income for the year 1909 was £118,000, which enabled £5600 to be carried to the credit of profit and loss after paying claims and expenses and making adequate provision for unexpired risks and outstanding claims.

The accident department is by far the largest and most important. The premium income last year was £1,168,000. The business for the year resulted in a loss, and necessitated the transfer of £19,000 from the general reserve fund. In the accounts published by the company the premiums for employers' liability business are not stated separately from the premiums for sickness and accident insurance. From the returns to the Board of Trade for the year 1908 it appears that the premiums for employers' liability insurance are only one-fifth of the whole, and that this employers' liability insurance, while small in volume, has been worked at a heavy loss in proportion to its magnitude. This is an experience common to many other companies, and however much a loss in any department may be regretted it must be recognised that unprofitable business can be discontinued, and the larger and more successful departments be vigorously developed. So far as can be judged, the accident business is of very good quality, and it is a great achievement for an office in the short space of eighteen years to have built up a total premium income of more than a million and a quarter. One secret of this success is the efficient organisation of a large number of branch offices throughout the world. This organisation is an asset of much value. It is being turned to good account to produce successful results. Compared with the establishment of such extensive connexions in so short a time, the loss from employers' liability business, even though intrinsically serious and proportionately large, is a temporary incident, while the agency organisation is a permanent fact of great value.

For a time the General Accident conducted its business on tariff lines. After a short experience of this it became a non-tariff office and a vigorous com-

petitor of the older companies. In this, as in many other features of its work, it has exhibited much independent action. It has made mistakes and incurred losses, and, even more than most of the non-tariff offices, it has been adversely criticised for its actions. Some of this criticism has been plausible enough, and part of it is valid; but the mistake has been made of emphasising temporary failure and ignoring permanent successes.

This is a mistake that is too common in insurance criticism, as is indeed the case in criticism of most kinds. Comments on the reports of insurance companies are particularly liable to abuse, and need to be made with exceptional care. On the one hand, the insurance company that is criticised is very apt to reproduce for the use of its agents the laudatory parts of a criticism and to ignore qualifications and adverse remarks. On the other hand, some agents frequently make a practice of pigeon-holing unfavourable comments on competing offices, producing such articles, even though they may be years old, for the purpose of persuading clients to insure in the office which the agent represents. A rational critic seeks to present the whole subject in right perspective. It is nearly certain that in one form or another his views will be distorted and employed to give an effect contrary to the one he intends to produce.

This is conspicuously the case in connexion with an office like the General Accident. It has made mistakes and incurred losses. On the other hand it has been singularly successful in building up a large and efficient organisation in a short space of time. The financial position of the company is quite sound, and its permanent prosperity cannot be doubted. The mistakes of the kind made in the past can be avoided in the future. Its business of a profitable character can be extended, and the department which has of late been productive of loss can be modified in character or diminished in amount.

#### ICHTHYOSOPHY.

ONE'S first impulse on reading Sir James Crichton-Browne's address on fish at the Fishmongers' Hall is to exclaim: In the name of the Prophet—fish! It must have pleased the fishmongers as well as the sanitary inspectors, and delighted the butchers; for, after all, this panegyrising does no more than rank fish next to butcher's meat for food. How pleased the vegetarians will be with this assignment of values? They are relegated to the unenviable lot of producing twelve times more tuberculosis—at least those of them who are in zoological gardens—than the meat eaters. This is, indeed, a sudden transference of the war to the enemy's country. The battle of the diets is always raging, and all food questions appear to develop microbes of fanaticism. There are carnivorous extremists besides the more vocal and speculative vegetarians who make a moral and religious mission of their dietary. They are numerous amongst the working and the poorer classes, who are as confident of the superior virtues of the beefsteak as the vegetarians are of haricot beans. And if we are to take Sir James Crichton-Browne's disquisition au pied de la lettre they are justified of their choice. Nor is it the only instance in which the untrained instinct in matters of food can make a good case for itself. In health, at least, what a man finds good for himself he knows better than the doctors can tell him; and it is when we suffer from particular forms of sickness that we need the doctor to advise our proper regimen. Yet granting that the beefsteak deserves its apotheosis, the apotheosis given it by Kenelm Chillingly in his sane, pre-lovesick days, we cannot all—no more in the matter of food than in other things—treat ourselves to the absolutely best. In the midst of a worldwide beef famine, when prices are oppressive except to the well-to-do, Sir James Crichton-Browne's fish evangel is the proclamation of a larger hope. We need a substitute, a second best. Fortunately for those of moderate means

the substitute is to be fish. Sir James is an ichthyophagist, not a vegetarian. This is well, as the prejudices of feeding and taste are not so set against fish as against vegetables for the staple of nourishment. The poor are to be congratulated on having got so far as not to dislike fish.

The only point of fish-lore which Sir James' erudite discourse seems to have missed is the fact of a natural aversion and shrinking from fish food amongst people of primitive habits. At least this was so with the Greeks whose food habits are described in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Only in cases of real necessity were fish caught for food, and the ideal meal was the gorge of flesh of beeves which had been grilled whole in honour of the gods, who also loved best of all things, as man did, the rich savours of the hecatombs. Elementary as our poorer people still are, they have acquired a taste for food which in its better forms is a luxury of our higher classes. Agamemnon or Achilles, Menelaus or Odysseus would have hesitated before a rich slice of salmon and cucumber. Even our poorest would not do that; and it is a sure mark of civilisation and savoir-faire to be curious about unaccustomed dishes.

The poor, then, are already half-converted. If they are encouraged they may revert to what used to be a general habit of eating fish in our mediæval era; when, however, the baron of beef was still the standard of good eating. But it must be remembered that they got a surfeit of fish in those days. The prentices used to revolt if they were asked to eat salmon more than three times a week; and beef was appreciated because it was rare and a luxury of the higher classes. It would still be possible, according to Sir James Crichton-Browne's address, for our "fish-girt" island to supply us with the superfluity of the Middle Ages, if we once more acquired the habit of eating fish. Our better-class folks, however, must set the fashion. They must not only trifle with turbot and sole at eighteenpence a pound, but make good square meals of the nutritious haddock at threepence, or of the salt herrings, two of which are of sufficiently protein quality to restore the daily waste in tissue of the Billingsgate porter or the street paviour. For otherwise our poorer people, and especially our genteel poor, will not look at it. The case of brown bread is a sufficiently illustrative example how they follow the fashion of the higher classes. Brown bread was doomed from the day when the richer people turned from it to the luxury of white bread. Brown and white became a class distinction. In vain it was pointed out that the poor required the nutrition of the brown for their scanty tables which the rich obtained from other foods. The Free Trader prophesies brown bread as the direst tragedy of the working-class future. It will be with fish as with brown bread if the classes who set fashions in eating continue to eat only the more expensive fishes as delicacies. Occasional fish banquets will not do, even if the guests come through safely without ptomaine poisoning or catching typhoid. Once again it may come about that whale steak may be found on the tables of the rich as it used to be on the board of Royalty. The luxury has recently been promised for the near future. Whale steak would become a cachet of distinction like sturgeon or venison, but it would be of no efficacy in extending the habit of eating the economical fishes amongst the poorer classes. It is necessary that the richer people should reverse the relative positions of meat and fish on their menus and give fish the first place if fish-eating is to become a more popular habit. Direct appeals to utility have less efficacy than appeals to sentiment. Vegetarians leave untouched the working classes when they demonstrate that the Japanese and Chinese are prodigies on rice. So Sir James Crichton-Browne may condemn rice and maintain that the Japanese took Port Arthur and won battles in Manchuria because their rice was mixed with fish. The rich and the poor must be bound together as one patriotic band of ichthyophagists in which the rich shall allow themselves no dispensations when a fish diet becomes rather monotonous, as it is apt to be.

Sir James Crichton-Browne was so determinedly eulogistic on all subjects fishy that he did not hint at this drawback to a frequent dietary of fish. Nor did he mention at Fishmongers' Hall that alleged ring of fish dealers who cause enormous quantities of fish to be destroyed for the purpose of keeping up prices. His reply to this would probably not be a denial of the fact. His thesis is that a steady supply of fish would be maintained if there was a widespread constant demand by a change in popular habits of feeding. In this case the destruction of fish would not be necessary as it is now when there happens an extraordinary supply for which the ordinary small demand is not enough to give a reasonable price. This is probably true; but it is more difficult to accept his surprising eulogy of the fried-fish shops which supply most of the cooked fish eaten in the poorer quarters of towns. We should have thought that his only defence of them would be that without them much less fish would be eaten than is actually eaten by the poorer working classes. Experts will tell you that all varieties of the fish cooked in these dirty, malodorous places are made indistinguishable in taste by the rough-and-ready method of cooking. It is only tolerable because it is done for people whose cooking in their own homes would be still worse. One of the difficulties of substituting the use of fish for meat is that its preparation and cooking are too troublesome for the means and skill of the lowest-class homes, in which even the simplest domestic cookery is a non-existent art. We cannot agree with Sir James Crichton-Browne that the growth of the fried-fish shop is an encouraging fact. Really it is an indication of the very low level of domestic life in the homes of the poorest classes. It would not be patronised if the customers had a glimmering of taste for well-cooked food and decency of serving. Cannot the Fishmongers' Company, under the stimulus of Sir James' address, do something to improve it? The ordinary fried-fish shop is not an attractive advertisement of their commodity.

#### THE HAYMARKET STORES.

BY MALLEUS.

##### NOW ON VIEW

at The Emporium, His Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, London S.W., the following fine collection of furniture, bric-à-brac, articles of vertu, historical portraits, articles forming part of the wardrobes of three gentlemen, ditto of the ditto of two ladies, armour, plate, cutlery, kitchen utensils, garden produce, etc. etc. Absolutely without reserve of any kind.

##### CLOISTERS.

1. Portrait of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Hereford, Stafford and Northampton, etc. etc., in maroon brocade and black stockings and wearing a black cap of the period.

##### COUNCIL CHAMBER.

2. Set of four surplices, with stoles complete.  
3. Four pikes and breastplates.  
4. Portrait of King Henry VIII., after Holbein, now the property of Henry G. Pellissier Esq. Life size and lifelike. Beard ad hoc.  
5. Portrait of Queen Katharine. A flattering likeness.

##### BANQUETING HALL.

6. Six swans, castles and dragons in pink and white sugar and two boars' heads en suite.  
7. Portrait of Cardinal Wolsey, believed formerly to have been at Hampton Court Palace, and subsequently to have hung at the Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, London W.C. The scroll in the background originally bore the words "EGO ET REX MEUS", but the whole of the inscription except "EGO" has been painted out, apparently by a contemporary hand.  
8. Twenty gold plates, two ditto ships, thirteen ditto goblets, twelve ditto bowls, eight ditto ewers, and one metal wine-cooler.



9. Portrait of Anne Bullen or Boleyn in pink and white. A pretty picture.
10. Three embroidered tablecloths.
11. Band parts of some old music, in part resembling the Siciliana in Handel's "Parthenope".

## RIVER GATE.

[The visitor will here listen to some fine Fletcher, finely delivered, and will have no time to notice the upholstery. It is therefore unnecessary to describe it.]

## PLEASANCE.

12. Twenty potted lilies and fifty-four ditto carnations.

## HALL.

13. Two gold pillars and three ditto crosses.
14. Twenty-four scarlet robes, some of them with ermine trimmings.

## ANTECHAMBER.

[See the observation on the River Gate.]

## BEDROOM.

15. Tableau—"Katharine's Dream", after Raphael Tuck and Sons.

## ABBEY.

16. Coronation requisites, too numerous to specify.

## OUTHOUSE.

17. Weeping figure of John Fletcher, alias William Shakespeare.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

18. 1000 copies of a Brochure by Sir Herbert Tree, entitled "Henry VIII. and His Court", with four full-page plates, illustrative, more or less, of four of the portraits already described. Intended for the use of dramatic critics and playgoers, but may also amuse historians and men of letters. Contains a valuable list of historical events from 1491 to 1547 and an equally valuable list of the equally important events which have taken place at the Haymarket and His Majesty's Theatres between 1889 and 1 September 1910. A useful guide to the Furniture Department of the Emporium. Concludes with a cheerful defence of the present exhibition which may be useful to those who contemplate the giving of similar exhibitions in the future. Will gratify some people by its comparison of Henry VIII. to Nero.

18A. A Purple Patch, part of ditto. "Trumpets blare, drums roll, the organ thunders, cannons boom, hymns are sung, the joy bells are pealing. A lonely figure in black enters weeping. It is the Fool!" It is the Fool, my soul.

18B. A Stylograph (more deadly than a stiletto, see ditto, p. 13).

18C. Moral Philosophy from ditto (too precious not to be catalogued separately): (i.) "In international politics, as in public life, when self-interest steps in, Christianity goes to the wall"; (ii.) "In these cases, God is apt to go to the wall—for the time being"; (iii.) "In world politics the Ten Commandments are apt to become a negligible quantity".

18D. (i.) The magnet of common sense, (ii.) the needle of truth, (iii.) a vast bundle of hay, (iv.) the red-herring of the Reformation (see ditto, *passim*). [Note.—These metaphors must be taken all together or not at all.]

18E. Terra-cotta group—Henry VIII. chucking Justice under the chin and the latter winking her blind eye (see ditto, p. 4).

18F. Phonographic Record—"The Thunderous Roarings of the Papal Bull" (see ditto, p. 75).

18G. Text of a Play, thought to be "King Henry VIII.", commonly attributed to W. Shakespeare, but now known to be almost entirely the work of J. Fletcher. Title-page wanting and many leaves rather badly foxed. Unique edition, on account of its incompleteness and of its omission of all references to the Reformation. Thought by some German scholars on this account to be a *Tendenzschrift*. There are signs, however, that its condition is due to its having

been interleaved at some time or other and used as a furniture catalogue.

[Note.—This item belongs to a separate property, and cannot be conveniently inserted in its proper place without disturbing the arrangement of the rooms.]

## PAINTINGS AND REPRODUCTIONS.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

OUR national museums and picture galleries, usually so discreetly frequented, are at this season invaded by eager throngs talking in many tongues and determined to see all that may be seen. The Londoner, if he shyly ventures among these multitudes, resonant with phrases from Baedeker, acquires by contagion, if he survives the sense of being a crushed and irrelevant intruder, a new excitement from familiar masterpieces. But it so happens that there are, besides the invaders, several things in the galleries themselves to refresh and occupy his eye. There are, of course, the new Turner rooms at the Tate Gallery, and it is interesting to see how certain of the famous canvases, which we have all our lives associated with the Turner room at Trafalgar Square, look in their new surroundings. On the whole they appear to more advantage, in spite of the glaring strength of the red on the walls, which will probably soon tone down in London air. At any rate, they can all be seen; and some which were skied in their old home can now be seen and studied for the first time. The re-hanging of the room so long consecrated to Turner at the National Gallery is, I presume, provisional; at present the arrangement of mixed schools, with the huge Delaroche in a place of honour, is not happy; we are accustomed to think of our national collection as the choicest of such galleries, and this room damages the impression. The Portrait Gallery, next door, has also undergone some rearrangement by its new director. Mr. Holmes must be congratulated on the Tudor room, which has been redecorated in a simple, effective manner to harmonise with the old portraits. The pictures, in dark frames, are compactly arranged within a panel of almost black colour, relieved by the white space above and by a strip of white wall below. As the room is on the top floor, and therefore, unlike too many parts of the gallery, well lighted, the effect is none too sombre, and makes a good foil to the gold and jewelled dresses in the portraits themselves. The pictures are far too crowded for ideal conditions; but that is inevitable here, and the room shows what can be done by frankly accepting the conditions imposed and using them in a decorative scheme. After all, these portraits are few of them of the finest quality as painting, and would hardly support the isolation which one craves for great masterpieces. Another change made by the director is the bringing together of all the drawings in the Gallery into one room. Though this interrupts the arrangement by period, it is certainly pleasanter to see the drawings, pastels and water-colours by themselves, instead of in the ponderous neighbourhood of large canvases which crushed the small works done in a fragile medium into insignificance. We realise now what a fine collection of Luttrell drawings the Gallery boasts, and wish once more that some competent historian would thoroughly investigate the many interesting problems connected with our earlier portraiture in England. It is a pity that this room is so badly lighted.

The dull skies of this year's August have not been propitious to Mr. Baillie's brave venture in opening at his gallery in Bruton Street an exhibition of Chinese paintings of the older schools. For these pictures want a strong illumination to be seen at their best. It is an interesting collection, and renews our astonishment that in all the time since Chinoiserie began to fascinate the taste of Europe no one has ever thought of collecting these paintings. Here, indeed, is the key to Chinese art. What golden opportunities have been ignored by the travellers and merchants of the past! As for the blind destruction by European armies, and the setting fire to masterpieces in the Summer Palace, one's blood

burns with shame and humiliation to think of it. I remember reading somewhere, I think in the memoirs of Uwins the painter, that Flaxman possessed some Chinese pictures and was fond of praising the colour of them, comparing it with the colour of the Venetians. But that is the only instance I recall of a collection. It would be interesting to know what became of these things of Flaxman's. People are beginning now to become familiar with some of the recurrent themes of the Chinese painters, the happy sages and poets contemplating mists and mountains and the first blossoms on the bare trees from boats on solitary rivers, the lotuses with their large veined leaves and delicately flushed petals, the wild geese and snowy herons, the slender fairies with soft smiles and gifts of flowers, the horses on the plains or in parks, the genial Rishi in their wildernesses and the austere saints of Buddha. Delight in this captivating atmosphere of a new revelation postpones the difficult study of styles and periods. Exactness of attribution will probably always be harder to arrive at than in the case of European painters. Several examples at the Baillie Gallery are ascribed to masters of the great Sung period, those marvellous contemporaries of the art of the Bayeux tapestry, but only a few of these ascriptions can be accepted with anything like confidence. The large picture of a hare pursued by a hawk among leafy boughs (No. 52) is doubtless of the period, whether or no it is by Li Ti, one of the renowned Sung painters. But I cannot believe that the "Washing of the Elephant" is of the age of Li Lung-mien, though it may possibly recall a design by his hand. It has, however, much beauty both of design and colour, and in each case the actual merit of the painting is the main thing to found one's judgment on. There are one or two fine landscapes, notably one in monochrome by the Ming painter, famous for the fire and energy of his brushwork, Wu Wei, and some pretty genre pieces of the type made popular by the fifteenth century masters, Lu Chi and Tang Yin. Among later pictures a light-toned flower-piece is particularly charming.

Many visitors to Shepherd's Bush (where at last the leaking roof has been put in order and the room of old pictures reopened) must have been struck with the extraordinary perfection of the Japanese colour reproductions of classic Chinese and Japanese masterpieces which are to be seen there. These are probably the best works of the kind ever made. I believe that Mr. Tajima has some thought of reproducing European classics by the Japanese method. Such reproductions would be exceedingly interesting to compare with work like that of the Medici Society. The Japanese use a photographic basis for the design, but for the colour employ wood-blocks—over a hundred sometimes for a single print. The quality of surface is, of course, delightful, and the printing managed with exquisite taste and skill. It is a process admirably suited to imitate the paintings reproduced, which are all in a water-colour medium, and I fancy it would be very felicitous in rendering frescoes by Piero della Francesca or some of the lovely pages from mediæval Books of Hours. Whether it could get anything like the effect of a Titian or a Rembrandt is another matter, and I doubt if it could attain in such cases as good results as the best of the Medici prints, which can be seen in the society's gallery in Albemarle Street. These reproductions are colour-collotypes, and therefore purely photographic. The weak points of this process appear most where the original depends on subtle definition of modelling or a great range of tone; there is a tendency to lose the fineness of the accents or the depth of the shadows. One feels this, for instance, in the reproduction of the Temple Newsam Titian, in which the beautiful painting of the sleeve is excellently rendered, but the features lack the nervous intensity of the original. A certain want of liveliness of surface, reducing the modulations of the brush to a flat level, is another weakness. The play and lightness of Holbein's sure line in the fine drawing of the pattern on the dress in the Althorp portrait of Henry VIII. are just a little deadened in what is, however, an astonishingly beautiful and faithful reproduction. Indeed, the deficiencies

just noted seem to be in a fair way to be in great measure overcome, for the print after Barbari's portrait of a young man at Vienna, especially the rendering of the folds of silver-white curtain behind the head, succeeds beyond what one would have thought possible of the process; the difficulty in this case must have been immense. Where the original has no sharp and subtly drawn contours a triumph is more easily won; we could not wish, for instance, for a better reproduction of the charming fragment of a fresco by Bramantino at the Brera, the "Putto with a Vine". The glowing reds and blues of Van Eyck are extremely well given, but where rich shadows play a strong part in the design of a painting there is always a loss of depth and vibration. The print after Liotard's celebrated "Chocolate Girl" at Dresden shows what the process can do in rendering pastel. Among the most recent publications the Van der Weyden from Munich, St. Luke painting the Madonna and Child, must be praised especially for its transparent sky and distance. The print after the delightful masterpiece of Cranach at Berlin, on the other hand, is not up to the level of the series; the tendency to muzziness has not been well overcome. What deserves particular congratulation is the enterprise shown by the society in choosing pictures which are at once of supreme merit and not very accessible to the public, such as the Althorp Holbein, the one genuine painting of Henry VIII. by that master, the Temple Newsam Titian, and the Giovanelli Giorgione.

While discussing reproductions in colour I may notice those which have appeared in a large volume singularly entitled "Gainsborough; by Mortimer Menpes. Text by James Greig" (A. and C. Black, 1909). Why the name of Mr. Menpes should appear as that of author of this work I cannot conceive. With as much reason might the name of any commercial firm which undertakes colour reproductions usurp the title of authorship to books for which they supply process-blocks. It is not as if Mr. Menpes had any reason to be proud of these reproductions, for they are rather remarkably unsuccessful in suggesting the quality of a Gainsborough. These unpleasantly glossy prints appear to be varnished, and recall the "brown sauce" once thought necessary to every Old Master. Mr. Greig's enthusiastic text contains one or two letters by the artist which have hitherto escaped his biographers, and a search in contemporary newspapers and periodicals has produced some useful facts.

#### PÉLLEAS ET MÉLISANDE AT S. WANDRILLE.

By V. HUSSEY WALSH.

IT would be hard to conceive a finer setting for Maeterlinck's theatrical masterpiece than the one chosen by his wife "Madame Georgette Leblanc". True, M. Albert Carré did his best at the Opéra Comique; but it was impossible to achieve within the four walls of a theatre the artistic realism afforded by the surroundings of Saint Wandrille. Once a monastery, it was then known as the Abbaye de Fontenelle, when it was the property of the Duc de Stacpoole, a Monsignor and Prelate of Pope Leo XIII., who had taken Holy Orders on his wife's death. He was of Irish descent, but his father had been made a French Count by Louis XVIII. and a Papal Duke by Gregory XVI. It then became a monastery once more for a short space of time, until the Law of the Congregations drove its monks out of the country. It is beautifully situated near Caudebec, and some forty miles from Dieppe by road in one of the loveliest parts of Normandy. It was originally founded in the seventh and restored in the fourteenth century, and the ruins include the nave, the north transept, and Chapel of the Holy Ghost. The cloisters are still in a fine state of preservation; whilst most of the rest of the monastery escaped destruction at the time of the French Revolution.

Madame Georgette Leblanc is herself a native of Rouen and knew the country well, so much so that when she first met Maeterlinck and read his play she

made up her mind that the old abbey, the ruined church, and its fifty acres of timber would be a fitting site for a revolution in the art of theatrical representation. Last year they gave "Macbeth"; but this time it had to be Maurice Maeterlinck's own work. The apparent absence of all stage scenery and upholstery would give a fresh realism. The old walls would be the background; whilst the refectory, the dormitory, the chapter house, and the cloisters required but little transformation to fit in with the requirements of the piece. This realised Maeterlinck's own ambition when, whilst admitting that some staging was always essential, he wished so to put his characters on the stage that the imperceptible displacement of an angle of vision must bring into clear relief their relations with the unknown. It was the greatest staging of all so to manipulate the electric light in the forest scenes as to give the maximum of effect with the least possible display.

Golaud discovers Mélisande in a forest far from her own home. He had been following the wild boar, when his attention was aroused by the sound of weeping. She had dropped her golden crown into the river, but she did not want it back. She is indeed full of mystery. Golaud never learns, nor does she ever tell him, whence she came nor how she got there. He knows as little of her at the end of six months of married life as he did when he first met her, or as he is destined to know when she dies without in any way responding to his passionate appeal for "more light". In the same way, she herself is frightened by his herculean strength and fails to understand his honesty of purpose or the great love which absorbs his whole being. She is herself a mystery not only to him but to herself and to all who endeavour to understand her. Notwithstanding all this, she inspires the others and gives them their direction, though we feel that, in the words of the aged King, they are only working out an inscrutable destiny. At the outset Golaud's single-mindedness and honesty of purpose are self-evident. He absolutely trusts his step-brother Pelléas, to whom he is thoroughly devoted, so much so as to blame his wife for not caring for him sufficiently and to lose no opportunity of throwing the two together. Pelléas, who has a presentiment, would on his side willingly shun all temptation, first by flying to the bedside of his dying friend Marcellus, and then when he dies, by visiting his tomb; but the King furthers the designs of Fate by arguing with him and doing all he can to keep him at home. The whole plot gradually works itself out by the force of circumstances. Golaud's jealousy is first aroused by what he prefers to regard as the play of children, and he fondly chides his step-brother. It then becomes so ungovernable that he uses his own child to spy upon his wife, treats her with brutality and violence, and finally takes Pelléas' life when he at last finds them together in the forest. Pelléas also sees the inevitable end coming and would willingly fly from temptation but has not enough strength of mind and becomes the instrument of his own destruction. The whole story is a very old one, and yet Maeterlinck has given it greater relief by making us the witnesses of each successive stage of the growth of love and of jealousy.

On Monday the weather was most unfavourable, as the rain poured in torrents the whole morning. On our arrival we were met by men dressed in mediæval costume, who escorted us with torches from scene to scene. Tents had been erected in front of each trysting-place, and we ourselves were relatively dry. The fury of the elements on their side added to the realism of the whole. However much one might sympathise with the actors, who must have been again and again drenched to the skin, it cannot be denied that these very torrents intensified the illusion. It could not possibly be acting—it was all so natural and lifelike. Many of the scenes were in themselves inexpressibly lovely. Golaud's arrival on horseback with his wife in his arms, her long hair reaching almost to the ground, and their reception by Arkël and Geneviève as they arrived at the gates of the castle; the meeting of

Pelléas and Mélisande at the fountain's side; the play of Mélisande's hair as Pelléas winds its tresses round his neck and shoulders in the window scene; the child's terror as he watches Pelléas and Mélisande from outside and tells his father what he sees within until terror of a situation whose purport he cannot grasp robs him of his voice; and finally the play of the artificial light on the two lovers in the last forest scene—all have a wild beauty of their own that cannot be grasped by those who have not seen it.

The actors certainly lived their parts as they could not have done on an ordinary stage. Thus Georgette Leblanc was the very incarnation of her rôle. With her childlike face, her wealth of hair, her voice full of freshness and depth, she preserved through all her scenes with Pelléas a detachment which robbed them of anything gross or sensual; while at the end of the last act, in what was once the chapter house, the audience were so spellbound that they restrained for some moments the applause that was her due, only to give full effect to their feelings when they once gave way. M. René Maupée, who has already earned his laurels at the Odéon, was no ordinary Pelléas. He bears no resemblance to the stereotyped lover, for he is working out his destiny in which he seems to take no active part, against which his whole being protests as his entanglement increases, and yet with all this he shows a strength and passion when once really roused that makes him an ideal lover, especially when he determines to risk the life which he knows he has forfeited in one last embrace. In some respects Golaud's part is an ungrateful one; for he has to show stolidity and brutality which comes with greater force from one of his gigantic stature, but M. Durozat captivated the whole of his audience by the way in which he brought into relief the honesty and love which underlay his rough exterior. M. Severin Mars personified the resignation and pity for the heart of man embodied in his part. Few child actors give greater promise than does Mlle. Gilberte Livertini, whose fascinating interpretation of the boy's part was enhanced by the knowledge that she could not be more than nine years old. Mlle. Jeanne Even, of the Théâtre Antoine, made one wish that she had greater scope for her genuine talent than was afforded to her by rôle as Queen Geneviève. Great, however, as was the talent of the artists themselves, even more credit is due to the genius of M. Maeterlinck and Mme. Georgette Leblanc for carrying to a successful issue their original conception of scenery and stage management.

#### ON LEAVING THINGS ALONE—A PLEA FOR THE BETTER ITALY.

THE tourist season is now in full blast, the tourist hordes are sweeping by, and the annually—nay daily—increasing chorus of "Let us improve" creates anxiety in the minds of just a few backward ones. Where is the line between improvement and a wholesome leaving of things alone to be drawn? For here comes in the difficulty. If it is true that we all want comfort—modern comfort adapted to modern requirements—and clamour for it on our travels abroad, it is also true that at any rate some of us travel with the desire of seeing antiquities outside of antiquity-dealers' shops, and with the intent of studying ancient methods of living and of doing things. So that it would seem self-evident that the Past must be "kept up", if not catalogued, for a certain class of traveller. But these interesting old things must be seen at our ease. We prefer to gaze comfortably at the past from the windows of a comfortable hotel of the present.

How can this curiously mixed ideal of the present age, this mingling of old and new, be realised? Till now, judging by immediate results, the outcome of modern self-sufficiency setting itself up to reform the old has been the simple destruction of the antique. This is notably so in Italy—pre-eminently the country of the past—where in their struggles after modernity councillors and syndics of the smaller as well as



larger communes have cut up the most lovely old streets and squares, intersected them with badly worked tramlines, and, regardless of landscape, have erected lamp-posts and electric wires in the most conspicuous spots, cutting down ruthlessly trees and even shrubs. In most of the Italian towns, from Rome and Florence downwards, glaring white marble and gilded statues of very recently defunct patriots have usurped the place of ancient and even historic landmarks, and in their zeal for progress old Roman streets and Florentine are re-christened with names so recent as to puzzle even the citizens of the towns themselves. Indirectly travellers, chiefly English and American, are responsible for a good many of these so-called "reforms", which seem to be flooding in and submerging the historic past and carrying it irrecoverably away. When, after a two or three years' absence, we revisit some old Umbrian city, we find that our previous strongly expressed comments on the "lack of a decent hotel" or "vile postal arrangements" have borne painful fruit in the shape of some brand-new "Hotel Grande Bretagne" in the place of the quaint old-fashioned—and, after all, fairly comfortable—albergo, or that some magnificent old palazzo has been demolished to make room for a huge post office of modern Italian-German design—and what more may follow in the wake of improvement heaven alone knows. It is this blighting suddenness with which would-be progress moves nowadays that appals the few of us backward ones, lovers of the old. The energetic majority of new brooms are irrepressible and in their zeal sweep all before them—so that never a day passes but some lovely traces of older art disappear into the rubbish-heap. The minority protests—but protests in vain—that suddenly to plunge a little old Italian town from its peaceful enjoyment of oil-lit street lamps and ox-wagons into the full glare of electric lighting and tram-cars, is only to be compared with the transplanting of a savage from his primæval forests into Buckingham Palace, and there insisting on Royalty dining with him. Neither result is productive of immediate happiness to the individuals concerned. To be of any lasting benefit to a country changes and the introduction of new ideas should be gradual, and a temperance society to oppose the abuse of reforming spirits is much to be desired. "Change alone the changeless Lord of things, alone the same"—but let the changes be of gradual growth, the way prepared for them, the public educated to receive them. More harm can be wrought by unqualified abuse of things old than can be rectified by putting in their place things new. The remedy we propose, and what is really wanted, is an International "Where to draw the line" Society, whose members would be responsible for all necessary repairs of the poor old Past, guaranteeing its survival for the student, whilst allowing for the provision of a certain amount of modern comfort for the average travelling Philistine. This would at least serve to remove from the hands of inartistic and often uneducated, though (let us hope) well-meaning town councillors the terrible power they now possess of transforming things of beauty into the reverse of joys for ever. Most desirable of all in "Il Bel Paese", it would withdraw from temporary municipal and party politics the local management of cities, so far as went their art and its associations.

#### CHARACTER IN GAMES.

"CHARACTER shows in games": "The real man comes out in a game." Common sayings; like most common sayings, untrue. The real man does not come out in a game, or, if he does, by accident; it is the other side of the man that comes out. The intellectual man or a very able man of any kind seldom plays cards well; the man who plays bridge marvellously, remembering every card, knowing what every one is going to play, is often at everything else almost a fool, not infrequently he is quite. And the average are like the extremes: the generally good man at cards is not good at other things; the ordinary able man is

seldom more than third-rate at cards. How many brilliant chess-men are brilliant at anything more important? How many masters are masters of anything else? Someone, of course, will say that chess is so exacting that none could be a chess master and master of anything else. Maybe: but it is not to our point. In chess, no more than in other games, do you see the real man; the master in chess is not a master sans qualité. He is generally not a first-class man at all. It is almost certain that were he a first-class man, he would not give his life to playing chess. If he played chess, he would do it for fun, and would hardly rise above third-rate. Certainly you would not see the real man, that is to say, his dominant character, in his chess-playing.

Yet the real man might discover himself in a professional's play in any game, for the simple reason that to him it is not a game but a business. So that if you can gauge a professional's character from his cricket or his golf or his chess, it is nothing against us. No one supposes you cannot see a man's character in business, in his work. And it is only natural that you should not be able to do this in games that are games, played for recreation. A man that takes his recreation seriously is foolish, therefore a serious man will not do it. If you see a man dead in earnest about croquet, you would go very far astray if you expected to see him equally in earnest about his work or his ambition, if he does any work or has any ambition. If he makes his croquet eminence his life's ambition, the question drops. It is no longer a game; it is not an amusement. We are arguing that a man's character is not shown either by or in his amusements. It may, of course, come out in spite of them; it may show through them; but amusements do not draw it out or show it in clear relief.

As with ability or earnestness, so is it with temper. One often hears the remark of surprise that so good-tempered a fellow is so hot or so irritable or even nasty in a game. And the other way is almost as common. Irritable folk are sometimes angelic in games. Always the best players are the best tempered in play, but they are by no means always the best-tempered or even good-tempered men. Good temper, serenity, calmness, in games played for substantial stakes is, of course, nothing. It is so deadly a social offence to show ill feeling when you lose that no one dares to do it. But to suppose this external composure were any sign of real good temper would be simple indeed. But in games happily not played for money or played for trifling stakes, as with most outdoor games, explosions are allowable. Indeed, if the code became as severe for golf and croquet as for half-a-crown bridge, golf and croquet would surely die out. It is hard to believe that any large number would succeed in preserving the necessary composure. How many golfers are imperturbably indifferent to their play? How many Croquettes? Or, for that matter, Bridgettes? Ladies do not use bad words, of course, but as much envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness can be got into a "Bother!" as into a monosyllable. There are men and women, no doubt, who never get excited or irritated, not to speak of losing their temper, at games, even golf and croquet, but very few outside of professionals or first-class players.

Psychologically bad temper in games is a curious thing. It seems so improbable because so unnecessary, so unreasonable, so hurtful to the player, so feeble, so unworthy. From no point of view—of interest, of reason, of pleasure, of morality—is anything to be said in excuse of bad or indeed of anything but the most cheery good temper at games. Yet how common it is: not perhaps bad temper—very few are sulky—but irritability is common; and uncheeriness in adversity, to put it euphemistically, is very common. And, once more, the good-tempered boy or girl, man or woman, is sometimes the most easily upset in a game. It is hard to understand, and harder to none than the "sick" player himself. The unfortunate golfer who is playing badly and falling behind finds himself, all against his will, growing depressed. He hates himself for his stupid strokes. (It is not mere charity to put down his dis-

content to this rather than his being beaten.) To him in that state a fizzle is maddening. He knows he is a fool for being in a bad temper; he knows he is ruining his game besides his character; he knows it does not matter a straw whether he wins or loses, that two hours hence he won't care in the least either way, and will be wondering how he could have minded so much. He despises himself for being sick, and is all the sicker. Well, of course, by this time the poor man's nerves are in a very turmoil of conflict. He goes to pieces. The opponent should humour the unfortunate a little. He can afford to: he has always got him. He need not proclaim his growing tale of holes up louder or more often than is necessary, nor point out to his opponent that he topped the ball when he obviously did top it. A base man could no doubt make his win certain by a consciously irritating word to a sickening opponent, taking his chance of being brained by a niblick. But none is knave enough for that. The "sick" man in games has nothing left him; he loses—self-respect, skill, everything; he is without excuse. How does it happen? He would keep his temper in a serious matter right enough. There it is, perhaps. This is not serious. But you certainly have not seen the real man in the game.

#### SAINT GILES' DAY.

WHERE Rhone gives her snow-born waters  
To the thirsty central sea,  
Dwelt Saint Giles, and held to Heaven  
The lean hands of austerity.

Hourly prayed he God, and pleaded:  
"When wilt Thou descend to me?  
Lo, I've builded Thee two ladders—  
Loneliness and Poverty".

Fever with her flaming fingers  
Tore him, and none helped; but he,  
Remembering Elijah's ravens,  
Lay trusting in God's memory.

A fallow doe came calling, calling  
Her dead suckling. Piteously  
Her liquid eyes and swollen udders  
Told of baulked maternity.

She saw the Saint. Her twilight spirit  
Illumined by his sympathy  
Discerned his need. She fed and fostered  
And dwelt beside him reverently.

The cavern, scene of mutual solace,  
Was now a resting-place for Three,  
For God came to the lowly hermit,  
Down the stair of Charity.

And when a monarch chased the creature  
Her refuge was the hermit's knee;  
He, stooping, made his flesh her armour—  
Received the arrow joyfully.

Then the King and all his huntsmen,  
Smitten by such courtesy,  
Though they saw but doe and hermit,  
Felt the presence there of Three.

Above the cave they built an abbey.  
Like the branches of a tree  
Sprang the arches from their pillars,  
And like the birds' May minstrelsy

Rose the songs of King and huntsmen  
And Saint Giles in harmony;  
One magnet draws both men and heaven—  
God treads no stair but Charity.

ANNA BUNSTON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### WINDERMERE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ambleside, 18 August 1910.

SIR,—This is my fourth visit to Windermere, and every time I return to its banks I discover new beauties and objects of interest. My first visit was over fifty years ago, when I made Ambleside my residence for the month of August with the object of determining, if possible, whether or not the hills and valleys of the English Lake District had been visited by perennial snows and glaciers during the period designated by Professor James Geikie "The Great Ice Age". That North Wales had been under these conditions had been determined beyond question by my chief, the late Sir Andrew Ramsay; and it occurred to me that the Sca Fell and Helvellyn ranges, being north of that of Snowden, and the altitude of the mountains not very dissimilar, were even more favourable for the development of glacial conditions; but the question had not been settled by actual observation. Dr. Buckland had, indeed, noticed the occurrence of boulders of rock carried far from their parent masses, and possibly markings on the solid rocks themselves, but had attributed their presence to the "northern deluge" which had swept over the region; and this tradition had been generally accepted. But my faith in this explanation had been shaken by what I had seen in North Wales, and also in the Alps during a visit I had paid to that region a few years previously. With these experiences I felt qualified to undertake the solution of the problem as far as it concerned the English Lakes.

I had provided myself with a copy of Ruthven's geological map; and, pencil, notebook and compass in hand, I visited several of the great valleys descending from the central axis of the range of hills, including those of Langdale, Conistone, Windermere and Wastwater. I also ascended Helvellyn and other heights in order to visit some of the mountain tarns and ascertain the mode of their occurrence, and whether Ramsay's theory of glacial erosion applied to them as in the case of some of the mountain tarns of Wales. I satisfied myself that in some cases they were true "rock-basins", in others were due to moraines thrown across the valleys in which they are found, or to a combination of these agencies. Long before I had finished my little survey I felt convinced that the evidence of former glacial action was as complete in all its varied forms amongst the English lakes as amongst the Welsh highlands. There were the ice-worn rock surfaces, smoothed and striated; lateral and terminal moraines, especially in Langdale, and erratic blocks; so that I was able to write to Professor Ramsay that the evidences were as conclusive for the region I was investigating as they were for his own special region of the Welsh highlands. On returning home to Lancashire I prepared a paper on the subject which was published in the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal", at that time edited by Professor Edward Forbes, and which was subsequently quoted by Lyell in his "Antiquity of Man"; and I had the pleasure of seeing my little sketch of a "rochemoutonnée" in Ambleside Churchyard reproduced with due acknowledgment by the distinguished author as evidence of the former existence of glaciers in the Lake District. This rock has therefore an historical interest; and on returning to Ambleside this year I lost no time in revisiting the spot in order to assure myself that the ice-markings had not been obliterated either by the hand of time and atmospheric influences, or by the careless tread of the thousands of feet which must have passed over that spot since my visit of over half a century ago. I am glad to be able to report that, owing to the hardness of the rock and its slight elevation above the pathway, the parallel groovings ranging nearly N.—S. are still perfectly distinct, as anyone may satisfy himself who pleases. Nor does this ice-worn boss stand alone in the valley; there are numerous masses of similar form both there above Windermere and in the islands which rise above the surface of the lake itself.

I have had no opportunity for carrying my observations to the northern slopes of these mountains; but others, especially the late Mr. Ward, have continued the work, with the general result of showing that the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland have once been the centre of an ice movement in all directions, and that the fine valleys ranging from them were the channels of considerable glaciers which, when retreating upwards towards the close of The Great Ice Age, became basins for small lakes by throwing moraines across from side to side during pauses in the gradual process of retreat and ultimate dissolution.

The surface of Windermere has undergone various remarkable changes. The photographs taken within the last few years show that the waters can be upheaved by furious tempests, throwing the spray high into the air; on the other hand, they can be converted into ice to such a depth as to permit of skating over the whole surface, and may even be solid enough to allow a carriage to cross from side to side during a continuous frost of six weeks, as in 1895. But it is in the summer months that its beauties are most charmingly manifested: when its banks and islands are decked with the foliage of forest trees of great variety, and when the distant heights of the Langdale Pikes, of Sca Fell and Great Gable are projected against an almost cloudless sky aglow with the rays of the sun when approaching the western horizon. On such occasions the air may be still and the surface perfectly smooth except for the ripple of the boats which, propelled by steam or electric machinery, give rise to systems of wavelets spreading out fan-like, and, when intersecting with each other, producing complications of wave action worthy the study of the mathematician, and to the casual observer full of beauty and interest. That the surface of Windermere has at one time stood about twenty-five feet higher than at present is clear from the existence of terraces on either side rising to that level above its surface. They form nearly level ground, breaking off in grassy slopes and forming convenient sites for residences. If due to a general rise in the land, as is probable, before this took place, the waters of the outer sea may have had access and formed a fjord on a small scale, as the surface is little removed from the sea-level.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EDWARD HULL.

#### SEÑOR CANALEJAS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 August 1910.

SIR,—Of the "sins of legislators"—and their name is Legion—this last of El Señor Canalejas would appear to be the most purposeless.

Philip IV., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, when each in turn tortured before killing, had an object in view: Philip, the wealth which the Knights Templars had acquired in fighting the "Infidel"; Henry, the lands granted to that Church which Taine claims to be the underlying stratum of modern civilisation; and Elizabeth—or her Ministers—brought about the extinction of the ancient hierarchy for politico-religious considerations. And yet Philip and Henry realised that before the one could despoil the Knights Templars, the other the Church, a moral sanction had to be obtained, and so great was this apparent necessity that they did not hesitate to bring false charges and procure false witnesses; neither did Elizabeth nor her Ministers dare, avowedly, to incarcerate the Catholic Prelates; from which it may be deduced that the people would not have countenanced these acts had it known the truth. The Church lands were divided amongst those who served Henry, and the agents of the French Government have apportioned to themselves the greater part of the property which the Church has been allowed to retain.

For the emissaries of Thomas Cromwell, who told the people that "if the abbey went down, the King would never want any taxes again", you now have electioneering promises. It is an apposite commentary on the economic genius of Henry and his Ministers that

whereas prior to the confiscation of the Church lands there were neither poor laws nor taxes for the purpose of education, England has spent in the last thirty years 300 millions on pauperism, and is being forced to contribute some 43 millions a year for the maintenance and education of its poor. It is left to the cynicism of MM. Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes, Clemenceau, Briand, and Canalejas el "Afrancesado" to have for their sole object a sop to Caliban.

It would seem that El Señor Canalejas realises that Spain is not "Afrancesado", for the man who welcomed, if he did not inspire, the demonstrations of Socialists in Madrid and elsewhere, takes the precaution, when it is the case of a non-political demonstration, to safeguard his action by military force.

I am yours truly,

A SPANIARD.

#### EGYPTIAN COPTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, 30 August 1910.

SIR,—I hope you will permit a Copt to correct a few inaccuracies in Mr. W. J. Garnett's letter in your issue of the 20th inst.

The Copts do not allege that Coptic officials have been dismissed from office without reason; but they do say that many offices and positions which they held before the British occupation are now unfairly closed against them. This has reduced their number in Government offices.

The case of Butros Pasha was an exception; he was a brilliant and exceptional man. Egypt has not produced anyone to approach him for many generations.

The "Chief Postal Inspector" is also an extraordinary case. He is an old man who had spent his whole life in the service and everybody respected him. He wished to retire many years ago and was given promotion simply to keep him in the service.

The word "Moallim" means a teacher or professor, and not a clerk, as Mr. Garnett understood. The Copts were called "Moallims" because they were the only educated people in the country. About one hundred years ago Moallim Ghali was the right hand of Mohammad Aly Pasha. He had a free hand in managing estates, fixing taxes, etc. He was succeeded by one of his relatives. The latter was succeeded by Basilious, the son of Moallim Ghali. About sixty-five years ago Usef Bey Risk was a governor of a province (Mudir). About forty years ago Awad Bey Siroor was a sub-governor.

These cases are perhaps sufficient to disprove Mr. Garnett's assertion that Copts hardly ever attained a superior position to a clerk; but if not, and if it would serve any useful purpose, I could easily give many more names. But even if Mr. Garnett had been accurate, surely it is no reason why Copts should to-day have to suffer for the sake of their religion.

Anis Bey, one of the most influential Moslems in Egypt, stated recently in the Cairo newspaper "Ahram" that Moslems have the greatest respect for Coptic officials and never doubt or question their ability, integrity, or honour; and when Moslems have disputes among themselves they employ Coptic barristers. Many powerful Moslems employ Copts in their private offices in the most confidential positions and trust them implicitly.

Why does not the British Government treat Egyptians on their merits irrespective of religious considerations?

Yours faithfully,

KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL.

#### THE NEW BRONZE COINAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 August 1910.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. H. Maxwell Prideaux pleads urgently for the restoration to our coming new



bronze coinage of the ship and lighthouse omitted from the issue of 1895 and thenceforward.

If such symbols on our coinage had any value at all, may it not be asked why were they never represented on our gold and silver pieces?

Mr. Prideaux ventures to assure us that "hundreds of thousands" of Britons would acclaim their resumption. I think it deplorable that this large proportion of my countrymen is so hopelessly deficient in art appreciation, and feel sure that not one artist who had in mind the best models of medallion design—the Greek Tetradrachm of Syracuse, for example—would for a moment subscribe to such dictum. By the admitted canon of art gradations of plane and perspective conditions in basso-relievo are condemned, even when at the hands of Ghiberti.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
AN ARTIST.

#### "A MANGLED MASS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Calthorpe Cottage, Edgbaston, 30 August 1910.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an article under the above heading and a letter from Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in your issues of 20 and 27 August.

I may perhaps be allowed to state that I am in no way responsible, as editor, for the manner in which the Mass was brought out, and that from the first I have objected to its issue to the public; but I was overruled by the eminent publishers, very much to my astonishment.

As regards several strictly editorial matters of which complaint has been made, and which seem to have wounded, quite unnecessarily, some Roman Catholic susceptibilities, I shall have little difficulty in showing that I have been seriously misjudged, if you will very kindly allow a further letter from myself to appear in your issue of 10 September.

Yours faithfully,  
S. ROYLE SHORE.

#### GIFTS IN AID.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Church Army Headquarters,

55 Bryanston Street W. 31 August 1910.

SIR,—On 16 September a party of twenty lads, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-one, are sailing under our care for Western Australia. They are all of tested good character, but are either out of work or in imminent danger of becoming so, with the almost certain result of falling into chronic unemployment and of swelling the numbers of the unemployable and hopeless. They will be cared for on the voyage, and on reaching their destination will be looked after and provided with immediate employment by our representatives, and there is every prospect that they will have happy, useful lives before them, instead of lives useless and burdensome to themselves and the community.

We should be most grateful to any of your readers who could help us to provide outfits for these lads by sending us partly-worn clothes, both upper and under, boots, hats and caps, collars, ties, in fact all sorts of things suitable for them to wear on the voyage and on arrival.

Our emigration department is at all times in need of supplies of this description, including clothing for women and children bound for Canada, rugs, travelling bags, portmanteaux and other travellers' requisites. Our special appeal at the moment is, however, for outfits for the lads mentioned above. Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Emigration Department, at this address, and to be of use for this party they should reach us by Wednesday, 14 September, at latest.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
W. CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary.

## REVIEWS.

### SHAKESPEARE BOOKS.

"The Avon and Shakespeare's Country." By A. G. Bradley. With 30 Illustrations in Colour by M. A. R. Quinton. London: Methuen. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

"Shakespeare-Land." Pictured by Ernest Haslehust; described by Walter Jerrold. London: Blackie. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.

"A New Shakespearean Dictionary." By Richard John Cunliffe. London: Blackie. 1910. 9s. net.

MR. BRADLEY has written a pleasant book round Mr. Quinton's illustrations, but we wish he had spared us some of his trite reflections and had taken more pains to be accurate. We learn to our amazement that Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864) died "but twenty years ago" and "long outlived the parson"—his estimable brother Robert Eyres Landor, whom he predeceased by five years. Richard Baxter, of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest", a Shropshire man, is called "Robert Baxter, a native of Worcestershire". It was Alderman Barber, not "John Barker", who erected the monument in Westminster Abbey to the author of "Hudibras". These silly mistakes irritate the most patient reader. At Welford-on-Avon Mr. Bradley is enthusiastic over the "old painted maypole which, set on a bank, towers seventy-five feet in height, and is coloured in stripes of red, blue and white". This "old" maypole was put up some fourteen or fifteen years ago, to take the place of one that had been blown down. When he visited Halford Mr. Bradley should have seen the bowling-green and the Georgian clubhouse, where in the top storey is preserved a genuine cockpit with the railed-in stage on which many a main has been fought. He is justly severe on the "half-timbered" villas that—"with merciless disregard to æsthetic effects and with unabashed contempt for harmony"—spoil the approach to grey-stone Broadway from the Evesham side. We are inclined to agree with him that the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon has been overpraised; yet when the hawthorn bushes are in blossom the Avon banks are a sheer delight. Delightful, too, are the flowering meadows by the Stour—a couple of miles away—at Clifford Chambers, where (as Mr. Bradley should have mentioned) Michael Drayton used to spend the summer months with his dear friends the Rainsfords at their goodly Manor House (still happily standing), that he lovingly called "the Muses' quiet port".

Mr. Walter Jerrold's guidebook is easily written; but his pious zeal robbed him of his judgment when he disinterred some forgotten verses by Douglas Jerrold on Shakespeare's crab-apple tree and on the deer-stealing adventure.

The modest and scholarly preface inclined us to judge Mr. Cunliffe's labours favourably, and now—having from time to time consulted his pages with advantage—we have pleasure in advising our readers to add this Dictionary to their Shakespearean books of reference. "The Shakespearean language", Mr. Cunliffe says truly, "is to an extent greater than is sometimes supposed a dead tongue to us, and can be thoroughly mastered only by study with the aid of grammar, dictionary and comment. In the matter of grammar the student's needs are amply supplied; there is at his disposal a body of comment, of varying excellence, it is true, but of great extent; but there seems to be room for a dictionary on the lines of the present work showing the results of a reconsideration of the vocabulary in the light of recent research." Often it is impossible to determine whether a word is corrupt or not. Take "arm-gaunt". Mr. Cunliffe gives it up: "An unexplained word, no doubt a corruption: 'And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed'.—'Ant.' i. 5, 48." Yet to many Shakespearean students "arm-gaunt" looks more like a word coined by Shakespeare (whatever meaning we may be inclined

to attach to it) than a corrupt reading. On the other hand, such a word as "land-damn" in "The Winter's Tale"—

" would I knew the Villaine,  
I would Land-damne him "

—must almost certainly be a printer's error, though heroic efforts have been made to explain the Folio's reading. Mr. Cunliffe does not give the word "road" in the sense of naughty-pack ("This Doll Tearsheet should be some road"). Dyce saw that it was a cant term, but remarked "the word, I believe, is not found elsewhere in this sense". After a long search, the late Mr. W. J. Craig found it in Middleton, a dramatist whose works Dyce himself had edited. But even Mr. Craig failed—though he hunted high and low—to find another example of the cant word "fap" ("Merry Wives", i. 1)—i.e. drunk—a word unnoticed in Farmer and Henley's "Slang and its Analogues". Of "untrimmed" in "King John", iii. 1 ("untrimmed bride") Mr. Cunliffe gives two explanations, but we fear there is yet a third (see "Trim", No. 3, in Farmer's "Slang", with the quotations from Chapman's "May Day" and Fletcher's "The False One"). We gather that Mr. Cunliffe is not acquainted with the late Mr. H. C. Hart's editorial work in the "Arden Shakespeare", or at least has not given that able scholar's notes the attention they deserve. Sometimes Mr. Hart's conservative instinct led him to defend the original text when every editor had condemned it; but no scholar of our time, not even Mr. W. J. Craig, had studied more closely the niceties of Elizabethan English. Mr. Craig was for many years engaged on a Shakespeare Glossary, and Mr. Hart made copious collections for a Glossary to Ben Jonson; but death overtook them both in the midst of their labours. Mr. Cunliffe's book aims "at helping those who wish to read Shakespeare in a scholarly spirit". If it reaches a second edition he will no doubt enlarge it, for we have noticed the omission of not a few words that ought to be included.

#### THE SAFEGUARD OF THE WEST.

"The Navy of Venice." By Alethea Wiel. London: Murray. 1910. 15s. net.

THE "general reader" to whom Madame Wiel appeals in her preface has a right to his history-made-easy; if history were restricted to experts, it would be as dismal a science as political economy. At the same time there ought to be some limit to the countless number of the "profusely illustrated" and expensive volumes that are called history for "the general reader". Let them be at least restricted to court memoirs and minor biographies. An original subject like the Navy of Venice deserves better treatment. Madame Wiel might have let the general reader take care of himself; if she had thought a little less about him, we cannot believe that she would have written "cold calculating caution of so-called friends" or "balmy" and "palmy" days, or that she would have arranged her many illustrations at neat intervals instead of making them face the proper pages; we are sure that she could not have confused the Turks with the Saracens, or the Magyars with the Huns. When she gives herself a chance she writes both good English and accurate history. Take, for instance, her chapter on the "Warships of Venice". A naval expert could have written a more technical account of the galleys and galeots, galeasses and galleons; but history is not technology, and Madame Wiel has succeeded in giving a most interesting account of the various classes of Venetian warship. Several of the details that she records are both curious and suggestive. She tells us, for example, that rich citizens were permitted to fit out a galeazza, the largest ship afloat, at their own expense, and as a reward to call it by their family name. What an admirable practice for us to follow! Sir Edgar Speyer and Sir John Brunner should each of them produce a Dreadnought for the country of his adoption. It is also interesting to read of the

Admiralty controversies, whether, for instance, one man or one oar was better than two or three men at an oar, or quinquereemes, like Vettor Fausto's great invention, more efficient than quadriereemes and trireme. Madame Wiel's account of the "Arsenal" is equally full of curious information. The Arsenal at Venice was a unique institution, a Greenwich, Woolwich and Portsmouth thrown into one, where every detail in the construction and equipment of a ship was carried out under the most minute regulations. There should have been several more chapters like these—one, for instance, on naval tactics, another on trade routes, another on the oversea dependencies. The absence of any account of the Venetian colonies is a most remarkable omission. Their history is so closely bound up with the development of the Venetian navy that any account of the one without the other must be inadequate. How far were the colonies a source of strength to the metropolis? Which of the islands were independent like the archduchy of Naxos? Which administered by proveditori like Cyprus, or by the great families like the Premarini in Keos or the Quirini in Amorgos? These are questions that must be discussed in any complete history of the Venetian Navy. Yet, with the exception of the wars of Cyprus and Crete, there is scarcely an allusion to any of them. Instead of keeping to subjects directly connected with the navy, she attempts to instruct "the general reader" in the chronological history of Eastern Europe from the year 452 to the year 1797. This is a very difficult task, and Madame Wiel does not succeed in it. But since she has adopted this method, we do not understand why her narrative ends at the death of Francesco Morosini. The eighteenth century was, no doubt, both inglorious and uneventful, but a book that claims to deal with naval history up to the extinction of the republic should certainly make some mention of the victories of Angelo Emo and Jacopo Nani over the Barbary Corsairs.

Venetian history has always been a happy hunting-ground for moralists. Madame Wiel is one of them; "I have striven", she writes, "to prove how fatally the wealth and luxury in Venice undermined the simplicity and vigour of her citizens, and how their indifference and apathy as to the maintenance of the navy was the cause of the downfall of the city". Whilst we are prepared to acknowledge to the full the evil effects of luxury and apathy, we cannot see how Venice could have avoided her ultimate fate even if her citizens had retained their primitive vigour and simplicity. After all, she was only a city State; her rivals and enemies were nations. How could a city carry on a war of centuries with the Ottoman Empire, or compete with the wealth of the newly formed Spanish nation? After the discovery of America and the rounding of the Cape, Venice might no doubt have done more to adapt herself to the changed conditions. It should, however, be remembered that she actually did try to persuade the Sultan to allow her to cut a Suez canal. Her ambassador Bernardo Giova was instructed to do his utmost with the Sultan. "One thing," she told him, "we will on no account set aside, a thing suggested already as an opportune measure for impeding and altogether holding up the navigation of the Portuguese; to wit, the ease with which a canal could be made from the Red Sea to communicate on the other side". The Sultan refused, and Venetian trade with the Far East was crippled. National development and geographical discovery were both against her.

One thing was certain: when once she began to show signs of failing strength not a State in Europe would be anxious to help the perfidious Albion of the Middle Ages. And here, again, there is a chance for the moralist. Would Venice have fared better if her foreign policy had been less unscrupulous? Neither religion nor sentiment was allowed to influence it. It was Venice that made the first Christian treaties with the Saracens and Turks, it was Venice that destroyed the Eastern Empire, that stole Cyprus, that invited the French to invade Italy. Yet, with all these glaring examples of political perfidy, we cannot

see that she was any worse than her neighbours. The other Italian States were equally unscrupulous. Even the Papacy was ready to make Turkish treaties; Genoa, Florence and Milan never failed to play for their own hands. As for the great nations, France was continually sending embassies to the Porte, and Spain was far more anxious to humiliate her naval rival than to defend Christendom from the infidel.

Few nations can afford to submit their foreign policy to the moralist's judgment. If Venice cannot, she is neither better nor worse than her contemporaries. In any case, not the most Spartan virtues nor the most altruistic foreign policy could have saved her. Continuous Turkish wars exhausted her resources, and if Napoleon was strong enough to enter every capital on the Continent, what was to stop him at the gates of Venice?

#### "LITERATURE AND DOGMA":

—WITH A DIFFERENCE!

**"English Literature and Religion, 1800-1900." By Edward Mortimer Chapman. London: Constable. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1910. 8s. 6d. net.**

SOMEONE, seeing a Highlander in very ample trousers, remarked that converts always run into extremes. And Mr. Chapman, who writes from Connecticut, carries his stroke for orthographic freedom to the point of writing "invigourated", "honourary" and the like; which is quite wrong. There are not many signs of emancipation from convention in the book itself. Macaulay's Whig prejudices are "generous" because he espouses "the cause of freedom and the rights of the many as opposed to the privileges of the few". The cheap rant of Burns about human equality is "instinct with the very spirit of the Gospel", and lewd or beery tirades against religious hypocrisy—the easiest of all cockshies—prove "clearness of spiritual vision". Shelley's cur-like desertion of his young wife, who thereupon drowned herself, is half apologised for by the insinuation that "evidence may yet be forthcoming which would have justified separation, if not divorce", and the author of "The Necessity of Atheism" is cited as "testifying to the place and power of religion". These are the well-worn ruts of modern sentimental criticism; truly, an author who talks in this way soon becomes a bore. And when we are told that "no further answer than the multitude of Browning Societies need be given to those who assert or fancy that theology's day is past and that religion ceases to hold the attention of the thoughtful", it becomes almost impossible to cut any more pages. But there is a still more solemn passage in which the charge against Dickens of impossible caricature is met by the observation that Mrs. MacStinger haling her offending offspring into an apartment, from which presently issues a succession of loud sounds resembling applause, is "a perfect incarnation of one sort of parental discipline". The link here with religion must doubtless be found in the remark that honest humour grows best in the soil of faith, hope and love.

Dickens' humour is obvious, but where is Mr. Chapman's? He can sometimes write with vigour, but even then very often absurdly. We grant the self-conscious shrillness of Charles Kingsley's perpetual talk about manliness. Studying a serious theme with Mr. Chesterton is like viewing a landscape with the aid of an urchin's fireworks—an occasional rocket lighting up the scene, but the rest spluttering squibs. In spite of his reverence for Browning, Mr. Chapman contrasts his tyranny over language with Tennyson's mastery of it. The latter was "incapable of thumping cacophonous tom-toms for mere exercise", whereas a Scotchman has actually published a grave translation of "Sordello" into English. Browning's thumping, however, is that of a Titan, and only a poor dull dog could compare English in Meredith's hands to a noble, sagacious beast performing pitiful tricks before a gaping crowd at the crack of the trainer's whip. More

truly Carlyle is described as one who saw life not steadily and whole, but fitfully and in disiecta membra. Scott's wholesome but somewhat mundane outlook on life is said to have lacked any holy of holies; it was reverent yet altarless and shrineless. "Irreligious" is the expression quoted for Maria Edgeworth's novels, just as Smiles' "Self-Help" and similar books have been called immoral. Shelley, as Mr. Chapman says, was an unconscious ultra-Protestant, and contrariwise "the Calvinism of the Evangelicals was essentially a rationalistic system of thought and faith". The altruism of the Byronic school inculcated love, not of one's neighbour, but of one's neighbour's wife. And yet Mr. Chapman harks back to the old stale rhapsodies about brotherhood and freedom, as though every rebel against the Decalogue did not write those names on his banner.

Mr. Chapman does not attempt to be more than a showman, leading us round the gallery of the great nineteenth century. He scarcely aims at unifying his subject or bringing out clearly the main currents of idea, which met and strove like the four winds of heaven. Beyond some references to the "Toryism" of Ruskin and Carlyle, he has little to say about the powerful spiritualist and anti-Liberal forces of that age; the immense literary influence of Tractarianism is inadequately recognised, and the wane of the rival Romanticist and Liberal movements should have been traced. The nineteenth century believed itself to be an age of revolt; in reality it only changed masters. It was a time of complexity and confusion of thought. Morris spouting democratic revolution in Trafalgar Square thought he was bringing back the Middle Ages, but was really a propagandist of the horsehair sofa, Victoria Villas and the bowler hat, while Swinburne's glorious dithyrambs against kings and priests made eventually for middle-class philistinism and the pitch-pine pew. All beauty and all literature is essentially aristocratic and religious. Kill religion and you have killed the music, grace, loftiness, and glory of the world.

#### THE HUNGARIAN RE-ENTRY.

**"Hungary in the Eighteenth Century." By Henry Marczali. With Introductory Essay on the Earlier History of Hungary by Harold W. V. Temperley. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.**

ALL students of Hungarian history will be grateful for an English translation of this work by the foremost living Hungarian historian, and will welcome Mr. Temperley's lucid introductory essay, without which indeed the book would have been unintelligible to the average English reader. Even as it is, the latter is apt to be deterred by the long chapter on economic conditions with which the book opens; and it is a pity that the arrangement of the chapters, which was well suited to a public familiar with the history of the period under review, could not have been adapted to the requirements of the British public, to whom the whole subject is, to say the least, unfamiliar. The chapters dealing with "The Government of the State", "The Social System", "Nationality", and "The Church" are all packed with matter essential to a just understanding of Hungarian history; and we fear that not even Mr. Temperley's essay can atone for the missing thread of narrative which alone could guide the reader safely through the maze of details.

Professor Marczali steers an even course through the controversies of the eighteenth century, rarely if ever allowing the prejudices of present-day politics to influence his judgment. As early as page 2 we find him frankly admitting a truth which is almost invariably suppressed or denied by Magyar patriotic historians: "It was a tragical case of the irony of fate that the liberation of Hungarian soil was accomplished by foreign forces, and that the large majority of the successors of the Hunyadis and Zrinyis based their hopes on the victory, not of the Cross, but of the Crescent".



Hungary's contribution to the defence of Europe against the Turks belongs to the fifteenth century, when Vladislav I. and the heroic John Hunyádi held the greatest of the Sultans at bay. Matthias Corvinus, great as he was, sowed the seed of subsequent disasters by his aggressive foreign policy; and during the long-drawn-out struggle which ended in Prince Eugène's expulsion of the Turks from Hungary the foremost Magyar leaders were in open league with the Sultan. However unpalatable the fact may be to upholders of the Kossuthist idea, there can be no question that the recovery of Hungary was due to the united efforts of the dynasty, the Imperial armies and the Catholic Church, and that the rebellion of Francis Rákóczy, which if successful would have reduced Hungary to a level with Moldavia and Wallachia, was directly opposed to the best interests of Christendom. Professor Marczali, while doing full justice to the services of the Habsburgs in preserving historic continuity in Hungary, gives a clear account of the devices employed by Maria Theresa to sap the resistance of the nobility and of the grave infringements of constitutional practice of which the great Queen was repeatedly guilty. Indeed, he is well within the mark in saying that while Hungary in the eighteenth century was virtually in the position of a colony "which Austria had helped to reconquer", the latter's attitude was "not that of a mother-country". The lands won from the Turks "appeared to the Hungarians as recovered territory, to the Viennese as conquered soil"; and this divergence of outlook still lies at the root of many of the misunderstandings between the two halves of the Dual Monarchy. For Hungary the eighteenth century was a period of convalescence, during which her shattered system was strengthened by the introduction of foreign settlers. Hungary was regarded as a Promised Land, and this reputation was certainly justified by the extraordinary fertility of the alluvial plains of the Danube. Their colonisation and the consequent revival of the southern and central districts led to a corresponding decay of industry and manufacture in the north-west; and both movements were favourable to the spread of the Magyar idea, since the foolish policy of forcible assimilation had not yet been adopted.

The chapter on "Nationality in the Eighteenth Century" is singularly calm and moderate, and shows no trace of that racial intolerance which disfigures the work of so many Magyar writers. But while no sins of commission can be laid to Professor Marczali's charge, his sins of omission are distinctly serious. The settlement of German and Serb colonists in the southern plains is treated in considerable detail, but the Roumanians—who are always referred to as Wallachs, a term which their entire race keenly resents—are passed over in almost complete silence. No reader of this book would ever suspect that the Roumanians even under Joseph II. formed the great majority of the population of Transylvania: the history of the Roumanian Uniate Church is slurred over; and the famous rising of the Roumanian peasantry under Horia (1785) is not even referred to, though no account of serfdom in Hungary is complete without it. Still worse is the plight of Croatia, to whose national history and autonomous position the book supplies no clue. Not only are Croatian place-names consistently Magyarised—Syrmia and Zagreb (Agram) appearing as Szerém and Zágráb—but on page 103 the Croatian nobility is described as "by virtue of its noble rank, directly Magyar", and on page 161 we read of "the district now called Croatia". What would be said of an historian who published an elaborate study of the political condition of these islands under George III. and omitted to inform his readers of the very existence of Grattan's Parliament?

The value of the chapter on Nationality is still further impaired by the translator's apparently deliberate practice of confusing the terms "Hungarian" and "Magyar" throughout the book, the one being repeatedly placed in brackets to denote the other. And yet, unless a careful distinction be made between the political conception of the Hungarian nation and the

racial conception of the Magyar nationality, all clear thinking or writing upon racial questions in Hungary becomes an impossibility. We must also protest against the habit of referring to the non-Magyar races as "foreign" and against the exclusive use of Magyar place-names throughout the book. It is too much to expect the average reader to recognise the famous mediaeval towns of Pressburg, Hermannstadt and Stuhlweissenburg under the mask of Pozsony, Nagy-Szeben and Székesfehérvár. Such flaws are all the more regrettable in the work of an historian so free from the prevailing Magyar Chauvinism as Professor Marczali. Yet on page 231 he ascribes the influence of the Magyar nobles and prelates—"the first apostles of the literary and scientific renaissance", as he calls them—upon the "foreign inhabitants of the country" to their position "as the sole representatives in Hungary of everything that makes a nation worthy of its name and of a place as a member of the human family". Such a phrase might be expected from the extremist Magyar politician who in a recent publication affirmed that "a special Serb, Roumanian or Slovak culture does not and cannot exist"; but it is altogether unworthy of its distinguished author. Nor need it be regarded as more than a momentary aberration, for at times his candour is surprising. Referring to the intolerant methods employed to reclaim Hungary to Catholicism, he tells us "the measure of persecution was not in excess of that pressure which opposing parties exercise openly against one another in the parliamentary state of to-day. . . . Participation in the government of the State was made dependent upon holding certain religious convictions, as it is to-day upon holding certain political principles. To be just, we cannot see any other difference between the party life of the twentieth and that of the eighteenth century". This estimate of modern Hungary is only too accurate, and helps to explain another point in which history seems to be repeating itself. "The Hungarian nobles were not merely predominant as were those of other countries." They were the nation itself, the populus, which enjoyed a monopoly of political rights while leaving to the plebs or non-nobles the payment of taxes as an exclusive privilege. Hence the peasantry looked for the alleviation of their lot not to Parliament or the nobility, but to the favour of the monarch. What the *Urbairum*, Maria Theresa's famous land charter, was to the serfs of the eighteenth century the idea of universal suffrage, launched by Francis Joseph and his advisers, is to the populace of to-day and to the races that still await impatiently their political emancipation.

#### NOVELS.

"Opportunity." By Margaret B. Cross. London: Chatto and Windus. 1910. 6s.

Mrs. Marie Amelia Tearle was born a publican's daughter, but she would have been a successful woman in any sphere of life. She secured George Driver, who had a good berth in Somerset House, for her elder daughter Gertie quite early in the story, in spite of his preference for the more distinguished-looking Hyacinth; and when, largely owing to her mother's manoeuvres, Hyacinth ran away to Paris with the Honourable Neil Wynne, who was not a bad fellow at bottom—another instance of Marie's amazing luck—she followed them hotfoot and made him marry the girl. Her view of the sexes, well put by the author in a nutshell, was that "it is the business of men to provide and of women to be provided for; of men to give and women to take—all they can get". Her leading characteristics were maternal affection—with an oblique glance at her own position as mother-in-law—an extraordinary level-headedness, and an entire absence of anything resembling a conscience. The last two were useful if not indispensable adjuncts to opportunity, not only in enabling her to get her pretty daughters "off", but to continue undetected in her little habit of "finding"

(Continued on page 306.)

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purses belonging to other people in shops and omnibuses. In this way too she took all she could get. We have enjoyed Mrs. Tearle very much. If her portrait is highly coloured and her sangfroid almost preternatural, a touch of exaggeration belongs to any presentment of a type.

**"Madcap Jane." By C. A. Dawson Scott. London: Chapman and Hall. 1910. 6s.**

After a tiff with her elderly husband, Sir Julian, Madcap Jane slipped away from Lew Hall to a neighbouring house, where she masqueraded for three days as third housemaid. Egremont was the residence of Sir Julian's former wife's mother, Mrs. Angel, who had visited Madcap Jane at Lew Hall that very afternoon; yet "the little lady", as the author is fond of calling her, fled into the library for evening prayers with the other servants in front of the Egremont family without discovery. The family, explains Mr. Dawson Scott, did not look up. Presently Sir Julian, who was a magistrate, was sent for by Mrs. Angel to examine her servants in a matter of some missing jewellery. Strange to say, in spite of cap and apron he at once recognised his loving little wife, who, by the way, had left him all this time without a sign. Yet he did not speak; there was a mute but eloquent appeal in her eyes. He could have whistled, says Mr. Dawson Scott, for joy that she had not after all gone motoring with that divorcée person, Mrs. Nute, but he was silent. And Jane "marvelled that seeing her in juxtaposition to her husband, Mrs. Angel did not recognise her". To marvel at a tale like this is indeed all that anybody can do.

**"The Severed Mantle." By William Lindsey. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.**

The patron saint of Messire Raimbaut of Vacqueiras was S. Martin of Tours, whose attribute was a severed mantle in remembrance of his having once bestowed half of his cloak upon a beggar. Raimbaut himself adopted the emblem, though in his case we are not so sure about the symbolism. He gave, it is true, a divided allegiance to arms and song, being both knight and troubadour; and he wavered a good deal between the flesh and the spirit—as other young men have done both before and since his day—before he set off to the Holy Land. As to the author's picture of the times, it gives an impression of having been painted chiefly for the sake of the background. The human interest of the story is by comparison inconspicuous, and the characters seem compelled in spite of themselves to illustrate a period. But *demoiselle* and *destrier* and *morion* and *lute* and *servente* are of course beautiful words, and to some people the rarefied atmosphere of the book will be pleasure enough by itself.

#### SCHOOL BOOKS.

**"Select Letters of Seneca." Edited by Walter C. Summers. London: Macmillan. 1910. 5s.**

In his preface to these *Select Letters of the Epistles to Lucilius*, Professor Summers dwells on Seneca having ceased to be regularly read in the Universities and schools. He anticipates for his work no large sale, and suggests that Messrs. Macmillan have been rather public-spirited in publishing it. Livy and Tacitus are read, but Seneca, "whose works are by date and style marked out as the natural bridge from the 'milky richness' of Livy to the daring concentration of Tacitus", is neglected. Professor Summers believes that the student of Latin loses much and risks much in the aerial flight by which he generally evades the bridge. He points out a positive gain from the study of Seneca which perhaps may not have occurred generally to teachers. He is Firth Professor of Latin in the University of Sheffield, and he has found the reading of Seneca valuable for a class of student with which those who teach in the Universities of more recent foundation are familiar enough. "These students begin Latin comparatively late, and hope to make up for any lack of that instinctive sense of grammatical fitness which comes to those whose Latin has been with them since early boyhood, by the resolute application of common-sense judgment and keen observation to the text they are reading."

Now, what difficulty there is in Seneca is caused very largely, according to Professor Summers, "by his habit of laying stress on such points as the resemblance between two words or parts of two words, differences of cases or tenses, the different meanings of a single word, and so forth". The student thus may learn Latin more thoroughly from Seneca than from the more ordinary authors. Professor Summers has not been oblivious of that bugbear of schoolmasters, the demoralising of composition; and he has given all the attention needed to distinguish Seneca from Cicero. Whether schoolmasters are to be persuaded or not, we feel sure that an examination of this edition will greatly interest them. They will find in Professor Summers' introduction a very thorough treatment of Seneca's place and influence in literature ancient and modern, his style, the words and constructions that are peculiar to him or vary from the classical Latin, the relation of his vocabulary to the colloquial Latin and the modern languages. The schoolmaster may at least use this edition to his personal advantage. There appears to have been no edition of the *Letters* as a whole since 1800, and the selections, says Professor Summers, have had very elementary commentaries. It is the dearth of explanatory editions of Seneca that makes this edition valuable to teachers. Professor Summers, starting from the variorum edition of 1672, published at Amsterdam with the notes of Lipsius, and Ruhkopf's edition of 1800, has furnished material of his own from many sources. Amongst them is a lexicon of Seneca's philosophical writings that he has been compiling for four years, and which he describes as the fullest perhaps existing outside the *Thesaurus Office* in Munich. In short, Professor Summers is a student of Seneca who has spared no labour in enabling others to read his author with profit and pleasure.

**"How to Teach Nature Study." By Thomas W. Hoare. London: Sidgwick and Jackson. 1910. 3s. 6d. net.**

Mr. Hoare occupies the position of lecturer and instructor in nature study to the Edinburgh Provincial Committee and to the County Council of Aberdeen and the County Council of Stirling. We do not quite understand how he can teach nature study officially in such widely distant counties, but at any rate we must take him with his qualifications as knowing what these bodies mean by the somewhat vague and wide pursuit known as nature study. There is a programme and a syllabus for it, and it may be got up on such lines as county councils may choose. Teachers, therefore, want a textbook for this art, which appears to consist in teaching simple ideas of the structure, growth, and habits of plants and animals to children. This is well, but where do the teachers themselves learn to know nature so as to use Mr. Hoare's instructions with intelligence, and stir enthusiasm without sinking into a routine which will touch children no more than the driest of subjects? The danger of bringing children into contact with natural operations through regular instruction is that any natural sensitiveness may be blunted by the lessons. However, taking our educational aims as they are, with certain things to be taught and experiments to be made under the name of nature study, Mr. Hoare's book will be of much use to teachers.

**"Elementary Latin Exercises." By A. E. Hillard and C. G. Botting. London: Rivingtons. 1910. 3s. 6d.**

The High Master of St. Paul's School (Dr. Hillard) and Mr. C. G. Botting (assistant master there) have prepared this series of Latin exercises as an Introduction to North and Hillard's "Latin Prose Composition". The plan of it is to give exercises in the order in which the authors think Accidence is best learnt, each new section being headed by references to the grammar required as given in the "Revised Public School Primer" and the "Shorter Primer". A boy begins to turn English into Latin and Latin into English from the first, and he learns the grammar applicable as he goes along. It will be seen that the authors do not believe in translation without any formal course of grammar, as some do who think that it is more interesting to translate "easy pieces" and pick up grammar by haphazard. This seems to us rather the way in which an adult already trained in one language may learn another, because he will constantly be able to turn up the grammar he wants. But with a boy it is quite different. We think the authors in their amusing little disquisition on the boy's psychology prove that their method will produce better results. In this book the exercises are confined to the simple sentence and contain practically all that is required, until with North and Hillard's "Latin Prose" the complex sentence is begun.

**"Original Illustrations of English Constitutional History." By D. J. Medley. London: Methuen. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.**

This is a collection of constitutional documents, some, or perhaps all, of which the student of constitutional history is sure to read about in his textbooks. They range from the



laws of Cnut down to the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and they illustrate all the phases of constitutional development. Professor Medley, as professor of history in the University of Glasgow, understands the want of ordinary students; but, as he truly says, no two teachers of the subject would compile identical lists, and use of the book alone will prove whether and what omissions make his selection defective. As far as we can judge from examination he has made the book thoroughly useful for its purpose. He has translated the French passages—which are, of course, the old Norman-French—and added a glossary. The Latin extracts from such documents as writs of Quo Warranto are not quite models of classicism, and Professor Medley helps the student with a marginal synopsis of each passage. It is perhaps not desirable to aim quite at the irreducible minimum in such a collection, but a severe judgment has at least the advantage of giving the student a compendious volume such as this.

For this Week's Books see page 308.



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I KNOW a place of summer doves,  
 Rapt lizards in its alleys lie,  
 And mostly there a linnet loves  
 To mend a wanting melody.

No men talk there; no pit or gin  
 Trips Beauty on that sunny hill;  
 Its voice is ever gracious din  
 Of bee and song bird never still,

And anthem yet from other quires:  
 The muffled diapason gushed  
 From lips occult and privy lyres  
 And pipes of Eden never hushed—

The pipes and lyres and lips that are  
 In sods and bubbles, stones and trees  
 And flying seeds from woodlands far  
 And wandering airs and essences.

Within, about, above, below,  
 Sprites elemental, Night and Day,  
 And winds and thunders, frost and snow  
 And wild things only know their way.

And there I seek like any bee,  
 When skies are kind or do no wrong,  
 Such sweets as I may gather me,  
 Soothe charities of hue and song.

There, late, a linnet dipped; I saw  
 Him smooth his rimpled smock and then  
 The pathos of his eager straw  
 Got me the words I give my pen:

One melody, one lustre lost,  
 One loveliness of Earth at end—  
 Not Heaven deflowered of all its host  
 Were deeper wound or worse to mend.

And there mine edge of sense fell blunt,  
 Such poppy in the sun it found;  
 Of Beauty winging as she wont  
 I saw no more, nor heard a sound.

Among the briars newly blown  
 I saw two women fair to see,  
 No more than girls to women grown,  
 Of feature past hyperbole.

I might have looked on sisters here,  
 So close their comely charms agreed,  
 But plainly these no sisters were,  
 Nor cousin kith nor aught a breed.

A lovely Earthling all confused,  
 All wills and woulds and wits awry,  
 Surprised and spelled by one, I mused,  
 She feared alike to face or fly;

By one whose barbed glances stole  
 Into the very veins of her,  
 Beneath the shutters of her soul  
 And through its shrouded theatre.

"Well met", quod I, for soon enough  
 I saw what matter filled her mind  
 Who, shammed an hour in mortal stuff,  
 Was come to chop with mortal kind.

She told a plain adventure plain—  
 Dissembled nothing, nothing dyed,  
 Indulged no idle antic vein—  
 And nothing told or touched beside.

I listened close. . . . "O, Stranger, know  
 I come with that not well to hear;  
 My flocks and herds are dwindled low,  
 Their mouth am I; be thou all ear.

When I at first made Morning fall  
 On this my world of fell and flood  
 And saw its face how fair, withal  
 How short of fair the solitude,

I bade the rainbow clasp the sod,  
 The hills and dells put forth their green,  
 The wort and willow break the clod,  
 The daisy and the palm be seen;

And cried into the sinks and seas  
 On flocks unfashioned, droves in dream,  
 And led them to the dews and trees  
 And evening star and morning beam;

And made them fair with fleece and mane—  
 As well the meek and slow for mark  
 As them of fiercer, prouder strain,  
 The masterbreeds that left the dark—

And fair with lustrous quill and song—  
 The lowliest and least to rise  
 No less than them the first among  
 The hosts ambitious for the skies.

O happy lawns of Eden Star  
 When all a rainbow-haunted day  
 The treetop quires made melic war  
 With master-lay on master-lay,

And shrill hosannas of the lark  
 Flowed down unceasing from the sky  
 Till night came over gilt and dark  
 And hushed the lists of melody;

When ghost owls in the branches flew  
 As silent as the moony air,  
 And foxes ran among the dew  
 And forest eyes shone everywhere;

And sadding-sweet of nightingales  
 And catches of the babble-wren  
 Came from the woods and willow vales,  
 O happy lawns of Eden then!

Ay, fox and dove I made them fair;  
 Unseen, unseeing, senseless, null—  
 I made them of my world aware  
 And taught them to be beautiful.

Albeit then I turned mine eyes  
 To glooms and fires and spaces far  
 In gassy plight, and shining skies  
 Unkenned upon my peopled star,

Mine ear I turned not whole away—  
 What rat among the rushes stirred  
 Or fox forefled the break of day  
 Or blue dove sang but him I heard!

The eagle winnowing the height  
 Pennipotent; the brindled moth  
 Or moon he fanned or phosphor light  
 Of julus curved, I heard them both.

Loud thrush or ever tree was green,  
 Lone robin when the tree was bare,  
 The sough and hum and song between,  
 The wing and wild pipe everywhere,

The mocks and laughs and strepent cries  
 And challenges and voices small,  
 Shy dove notes and dulciloquies  
 And mutterings immusical,

I heard them each and every one;  
 No linnet red to breathe a note  
 But with red linnet blithe upon  
 The yellow whins of worlds remote,

Sang morning joy and evening cheer  
 And delectation else among  
 The central woodlands of mine ear—  
 The Bourne of universal song.

And well and sweet my linnets sang,  
 But morning broke in Eden sky  
 When lay and lovesong fainter rang  
 Down dwindled quires of melody;

When step and start among the trees  
 And voices new and strange to hear,  
 Fell sounds and foreign silences,  
 Affronted and perplexed mine ear;

When low to loud the clamour rolled  
 And low to loud past clue and key,  
 Anon, anon like naught of old,  
 Anon, anon to riddle me.

I pondered Eden—In the height  
 And in the deep no fairer star.  
 The honey did like aloe bite,  
 The grape was crab with vinegar.

I saw me by some destin dark  
 Defeated of mine honest flower,  
 My garden sunk in stupor stark,  
 An upas bough in Eden bower,

In Eden fen a lidless eye  
 Of basilisk on Beauty thrown—  
 And fable-stuff and fantasie  
 The like and turned to clay mine own—

Some monstrous fry of mortal seed  
 Than aught in story lewder-far,  
 Some tall ambitious masterbreed  
 Supplanted me on Eden Star;

Some prospered vein, I mused, of bloods  
 Myself misgrafted in the sloughs,  
 Long ere I led the multitudes  
 To Eden's painted sods and boughs;

Or folly of my prentice hand  
 Among the steams, or ever sea  
 Or sod I made or Eden planned,  
 Returned with fatal fruit on me.

So I came out; disputing still,  
 Bemused, all minds at large between  
 Obscure and apprehended ill,  
 I lighted on my plot terrene.

I met no happy flocks among  
 The fastnesses of snow or sea,  
 Bad quiet in the boughs of song  
 And sunny places waited me.

I came with dawn a viewless shade  
 And watched upon the English wood,  
 When every bough and every blade  
 And all the world on tip-toe stood;

When Winter fled a waxing sun—  
 His airy hosts and arms surpassed,  
 His rimy toparchs every one  
 For all their mettle cowed at last.

No gray thrush sang that skiey rout,  
 His branch was dumb, without a cry;  
 The wood and all the world about  
 Went silent in that victory.

And every sky was blue and rain  
 And sudden rainbows in between,  
 And every bough was green again  
 And all the world was gilt and green;

And all the world was bells and may  
 And sugared airs and leaping grass;  
 And every bough was flashed and gay  
 And all a dewy riot was;

And milks and wines ran fast and free,  
 And every cup was open wide  
 To every swarth or saffron bee  
 And every pictured wing beside;

And morning was a flaming brand  
 And eve a poppy late and long,  
 And lovetime was upon the land  
 And all the wood was sick for song.

I wandered aimless in the leaves,  
 All bracken birds and ribboned wings  
 And babble-dawns and lyric-eves  
 And reveries of perished things.

I saw the wood all trailing bowers  
 And boundless summer green above—  
 Ah, swathen all in summer flowers  
 Still waiting for their summer dove!

The bees and glassy things of air  
 And shardy flies and moths and shells  
 With horns and muffled musics there  
 Abounded as the honey bells.

For me their endless sough and hum  
 Was anthem vain, I got no sound.  
 For me the wood was stricken dumb,  
 The wood and all the world around.

I saw the wood in sweet and stale,  
The shock and show and heavy crown,  
The milks and wines come full and fail,  
The glory dashed and all hung down,

The taloned winds, the clash and fall,  
The shadow of the winter cloud;  
I saw the wood—I saw it all,  
The revelation and the shroud.

I found the pool broke up for Spring,  
A wrinkled mock of flying sky,  
Its wickered spume still glittering  
With Winter's hoary charactry.

I watched and saw the first green spear  
To leave its bed and breathe and be,  
Grow fathom tall, and watched a year  
Without a quill to gladden me.

When gray gnats came, and people kin  
With minim shalms from cleft and clay,  
To pasture once and whirl and spin  
And perish with their natal ray—

When suns burned whole in pool and sky  
Or bleeding lay; when every breath  
To shake a reed and wander by  
Confused a heaven of stars beneath—

When moths flew there and dragonflies,  
Gold, blue, and green like scorched brass,  
With tigered loins and opal eyes  
Pursued their shades across its glass—

When pool and sky no longer paired,  
When mist and thunder rolled between,  
And tempest rocked and lightning bared  
A pool of foam and crying green—

When dragonflies no longer flew  
And reed and sedge hung down their ranks,  
And chilly winds inconstant blew  
The horns of winter round its banks—

When frigid airs and bodies hoar  
Laid hold upon its surges dark,  
And blank it lay, the blaze of yore,  
A glistening void without a mark—

And when the sedge stole back and through  
Its beaded waters rainbow-shot,  
And suns burned whole and bled anew,  
I sought my birds and found them not.

I watched by night and listened still  
With morning wetfoot in the grass  
Of many a green sun-fondled hill,  
And there that wounding silence was.

And high and low, and far and near,  
Betimes with light, with shadow late,  
Oft, oft and oft and everywhere  
I met that hush importunate.

I turned away from carven trees  
And scented shocks at thy own door,  
From lichened eaves and lattices,  
And saw the English isle no more.

I ranged my star, the piny slants  
And tilted earths and granites tall,  
Green hills and sulph'rous adamants,  
Dead pyres and pumice ashes all;

The snows and frozen sods and sands  
Of dearth eternal; ever spare  
And fitful green and milky lands  
Of green abundance never bare.

I found the world forelet, forlorn:  
The mountain woods and ledges forced,  
The raven from the valley torn,  
The eagle from the sun divorced.

I saw how drooped and dull and few  
The wings upon the salted floods,  
How fugitive and silent flew  
The winglets in the honey woods;

How shrunk and flat the populace  
That sparkled once upon the fen,  
How oft assembled in the place  
Of wings ten thousand less than ten.

I turned from Beauty's wounds to know  
His look and air whose work they were,  
What like the hand that brought her low,  
The arm that surely strangled her;

What paramount of brute and bird—  
The taloned dove within the tree,  
The monstrous horn among the herd—  
Disputed for my world with me.

A widowed fox with smothered bark  
Foretold his foot, and hid in fear,  
A bird-uneasy in the dark  
Declared him come or crouching near.

I saw him bowed beneath a load  
Of carrion heads and eyes and wings,  
And down his breast and shoulders flowed  
The blood of doves and dying things.

I saw him oft, on every side  
And everywhere and face to face—  
It was upon a lotus tide  
Or in some cassiad Asian place,

Or on the Lappish snow we crost  
To meet anew by Niger flood,  
Or on some ledge Andean lost  
In cloud and snowy solitude,

Or in some ample, attar'd isle  
Green even to the drowsy foam—  
I met him with his burthen vile  
Wherever Beauty made her home.

I saw him oft and saw him whole:  
His ready eye and outward air,  
The charnel place that was his soul,  
His stupor in the twilight there;

His endless craft and patience in  
A hundred trials of the chase;  
His tireless foot so sure to win  
The longest and the sternest race;



His learned use of hook and spike,  
Of shaft and bolt and this and that  
And every loath'd invention like,  
And noisomeness I know not what.

I saw him whole and all he did  
Of shame upon my hapless star;  
But neither from my sight was hid  
His consort and familiar,

Woe-lapped in lewdness viler made  
By plenteous grace of lip and limb,  
Crept sanctuaried in his shade  
And ever close attended him;

Whose avid 'More!' and 'More! yet More!'  
Urged every bout of shame and blood,  
Or lovesick hern he ravaged for  
The tassels of its lustihood,

Or finch or lark with lyric lung  
He broke upon a scented hill,  
Or crying seal he flayed and flung  
To crimson waters crying still,

Orerne he humbled in the height,  
Or fox beneath a pine trapanned,  
Or raced and tripped some foot in flight  
Across the snow or desert sand,

Or in the jungle found a prize,  
Some shadow sleek of tawny hue,  
Some forest thing with frightened eyes  
Across the pool at night he slew.

A thousand irised winglets mine,  
A thousand forest joys and fays,  
Blusht arcs and fans shot beryline  
And pied and purple, held his gaze;

He gathered sweets to load her lap  
Whose faithful tireless hind he was,  
And turned to watch new boughs and trap  
In uninvaded areas.

A thousand homes of seal and stoat,  
Of mew and tern rejoiced his reins—  
A thousand sweets to glut the throat  
Of Bloodwant shrill for Beauty's veins.

In her dread name he limed the bough,  
In her dread name—Ah! serving thee  
He broke the song in blood, for thou  
And only thou art surely she!

For thee he dragged his shambles through  
The forests of my burning land,  
In my insulted snows I knew  
A labour of thy privy hand.

I knew thee in the sweet he laid  
Beneath the western greenwood tree,  
And in the hook'd spit he made  
To redden in the winter sea.

With thine own fingers white and fair  
He daubed the tangles of the south,  
And blandished Beauty to the snare  
With love-calls made by thy red mouth.

The airs and winds all tongues and ears  
From wood and snow and desert shame,  
And gusts and quaking atmospheres  
O foul'd savannas, say thy name.

Ten thousand voices name thee vile,  
Earth's miscellany of tongues complete—  
Her buds and herbs and cups that smile  
In gold profusion round thy feet,

Her jungle deeps and mountain pines  
And pastures and green places all,  
Becks, pools and streams and billow-brines  
And mists that on their faces fall,

Her flying clouds and skies above,  
Her granite thews and undercrusts—  
Her myriad pulses weary of  
Thy lewd delights and carrion lusts.

Armipotent thou art and wise  
And strong of seed; for me, I bring  
No threat or thought of just reprise  
To curb thy much ambitioning.

I have no sleight to match with thine,  
No arms to give thee open war;  
I mean no panic anodyne,  
No ease for my distempered star.

Its season blind unshifting Law,  
The same my being joined on me  
What hour I mused and willed and saw  
The starry birth, will shelter thee.

Then bring thou yet more learned guile  
To sweeter poison surer still,  
A swifter bolt to engine vile,  
And work on Eden World thy will.

Put forth and deeper soil thou me;  
Despised by thy own native grace,  
By all things wild and fair and free  
Abhor'd and shunn'd, pursue the chase.

Lead Echo on from cry to cry  
Of creature snared or hunted down,  
Until the stammering hills reply  
In concert last to Beauty thrown,

And paramount indeed thou stand,  
The circle of thy shame complete;  
The last red labour of thy hand  
In bloody welter at thy feet.

Then shall the sod where Beauty fell  
Send up her wraith in murrain guised  
And in its clasp thy breed unhell  
My paradise unparadised."